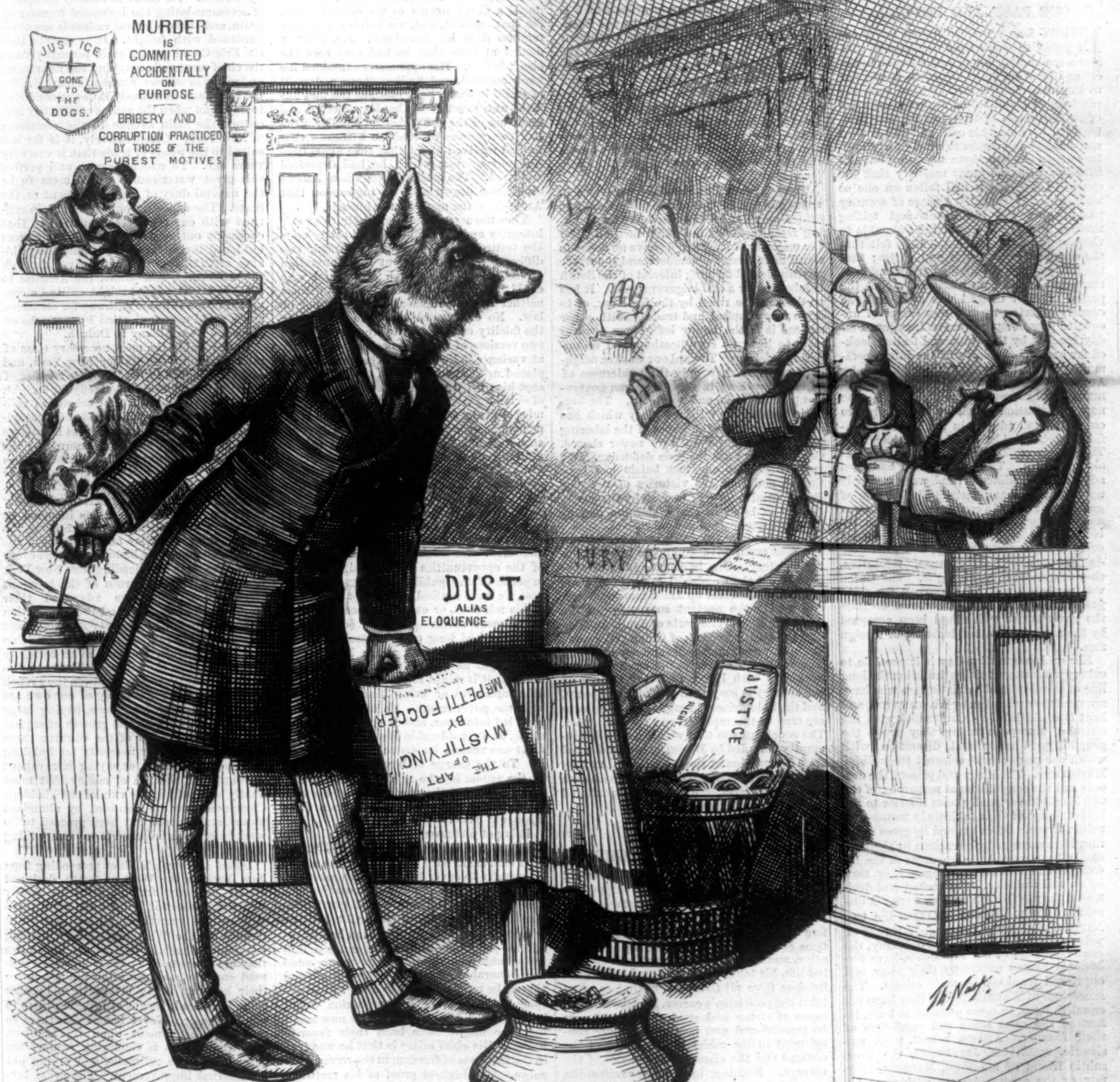
Gin Poe 400 Jeff. av

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XVII.—No. 848.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1873. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.


JUSTICE
GONE TO THE DOGS.
MURDER IS COMMITTED ACCIDENTALLY ON PURPOSE
BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION PRACTICED BY THOSE OF THE PUREST MOTIVES
DUST. ALIAS ELOQUENCE
THE ART OF MYSTIFYING BY MR PETTI FOGGER
JURY BOX
RIGHT
JUSTICE
Th. Nast.

THE GAME OF FOX AND GEESE; OR, LEGAL TRIALS OF THE PERIOD.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 29, 1873.

☞ With this Number of Harper's Weekly is sent out gratuitously an Eight-page Supplement, containing the concluding chapters of

"LITTLE KATE KIRBY,"

and the commencement of Lord Lytton's new and fascinating Novel,

"THE PARISIANS,"

a work which recalls the best days of the author of "The Caxtons" and "My Novel."

This admirable novel will be continued in an Eight-page Supplement, which will be sent out gratuitously with the next Number of Harper's Weekly.

OUR PAST AND FUTURE.

Every four years the nation meets together to renew the consciousness that it is a community bound by a common interest and laboring for the common good; nor as President Grant came forward upon the platform at Washington, the representative of this principle of unity, as the telegraph bore the record of his oath and of his clear and suggestive address to nearly forty millions of people, was there any thing but satisfaction with the great majority that the choice of the nation had fallen on one so worthy and so trusted. A sense of security passed over the intelligent and toiling throngs from the shores of the Columbia to the waters of the Hudson. They felt that the community was safe and entire; that the jarring clash of warring parties had been converted into a rare unanimity; that the period of civil discord was over, and the country entering upon a new career of unequaled prosperity. Some on Inauguration-day, touched by the communal feeling, looked far back to the dawn of the infant community; saw Washington, surrounded by Adams and Hamilton, Livingston, Steuben, Sherman, repeat the first oath to the new Constitution which he had labored to construct, and address in tender and truthful words his divided and feeble countrymen. The burden of Washington's addresses was always Union. The Constitution had been adopted with difficulty, and was singularly unpopular in many districts. The fate of generations and of a continent, Washington and his wise advisers saw, rested upon the blending of the feeble, war-worn, and divided colonies in a compact body, and with wonderful patience, forbearance, resolution, they succeeded in attaining it. The Union was perfected, and Washington for eight years maintained with vigor and decision the government which had been accepted by the majority against domestic or foreign foes.

Nor on Inauguration-day is it possible to survey without grateful satisfaction the long line of excellent and patriotic men who have renewed the oath taken by Washington, and kept it so faithfully. Contrasted with the series of European rulers, they prove the general good sense and discretion with which our people have selected their Chief Magistrates. The kings and priests, the despots and the constitutional monarchs, of the Old World have usually been inferior to the better classes of their subjects in morals and public virtue. Often stained by gross vices, they have corrupted generations by their example, have wasted the resources of the industrious in useless extravagance, or, torn by an evil ambition, have racked and decimated the people with endless wars. A dissolute George IV. and William, the two Napoleons, Isabella of Spain, a throng of petty potentates in Italy and Germany, the contemporaries of our Presidents, have dishonored human nature by their vices, and oppressed mankind by their crimes. The successors of Washington, if they have not equaled, have, in some measure at least, inherited the calm sense and patriotism of their founder. Adams, honest, pure, passionate, ambitious, Jefferson, the keen, subtle friend of mankind, Madison, Monroe, or the second Adams, with some human failings, were all worthy of the republic they administered, and not inferior to the people they ruled. The rude yet honest patriotism of Jackson is remembered by all parties with sincere respect; and if the careers of some of his successors were tainted by the demoralizing influences of dying slavery, yet the record of our Presidential rulers brightens toward the close. We have had no George IV. nor any Napoleon. The meek, unbending, faithful Lincoln, purest of statesmen, almost a second Washington, gave his life to the cause of union, and the nation named as the worthy successor of Lincoln the man who had done most to preserve it.

The last three Presidential terms have witnessed the origin, progress and close of a remarkable revolution, necessary to complete the union which Washington enforced, and which Grant and Lincoln founded anew. So long as slavery existed there could be no hope of domestic peace. A slave oligarchy ruling a community of freemen could only maintain its power by ceaseless aggressions. At length, insane with an evil ambition, it plotted its own destruction. The slave-holders became the most effective abolitionists. Hated by their own people for their tyranny and pride, conscious that the colored population was planning its own emancipation, they yet ventured to rebel. It was the signal for the emancipation of the nation. Slavery fell with a fierce convulsion; the triumph of universal freedom was perfected by the labors of Lincoln and Grant. During the last three Presidential terms our country has been made the fitting home of the working-man, of industry, and of self-respect; and the vast tide of immigration which is pouring in upon us from Germany and Scandinavia shows with what joy the intelligent laborers of Europe avail themselves of the offers of freedom. Our community is being rapidly swelled by the friends of liberty and equality; the industrious and the frugal are no longer frightened from our shores by the horrors of human bondage; and within the next decade it is probable that every section of the Union will be peopled anew from the most worthy portion of the European population.

Thus the new Presidential term opens in union and peace. One or two of the Southern States may yet be disturbed by the lingering resentments of the fallen faction. But the majority of their people have no desire to recall their former oppressors, and the whole mercantile and farming interest of the South is laboring for a stable government. It has no desire to be ruled by the Ku-Klux, or to drive away capital and trade. With other nations it is the happy lot of our government to have no complications and no opposing interests. Toward our weaker neighbors we need show only the tenderness of an elder brother; toward European governments moderation and good-will. The barbaric passion for military glory which has destroyed so often the hopes of the laboring throngs of Europe we have never shared. Our wars have always been defensive. We may trust that our last battle has been fought, and that the victories of the new Presidential term will be won by the hardy strokes of labor in the wilderness, and by the rapid progress of mental reform.

The next four years will probably witness the most rapid advance known to our country's history. The immense influx of emigrants and the wonderful increase of trade can not fail to build up American commerce, and revive the ancient supremacy of the American flag. The ports of South America and the Mediterranean, of China and Japan, are inviting our merchants and our shipping. The railroads that cross the continent connect Asia with Europe. Every section of the country is busy with the labors of peace, and the industrious throng of active citizens are true to the republic and to each other. The consciousness that we are a united community, founded by Washington, and saved from destruction by the devotion of Lincoln and Grant, will deepen in strength with each Presidential term; and in union we shall find prosperity and peace.

MR. COLFAX AND HIS NEIGHBORS.

The reception of Mr. Colfax by his old friends, neighbors, and political supporters shows the advantage of an honorable reputation. For twenty years he has stood before his countrymen with an unblemished fame as a citizen, a politician, a parent, relative, and friend. His regular and unspotted life, his temperance and moderation, his freedom from all those errors that so often taint the politician's career, his labors in the cause of virtue and good morals, will now be remembered and become the more conspicuous in the midst of the abuse of the envious and the clamorous virulence of the corrupt. Nothing, indeed, so excites the envy of the vicious as the possession of an unblemished fame; and the rash haste with which several of the opposition journals have ventured to impute to Mr. Colfax their own chief failings will serve only to expose them more plainly to the people. Falsehood, avarice, indifference to moral laws, he has never exhibited. His whole political course has been marked by truthfulness and consistency, by singular moderation in his conduct toward his opponents, by a firm adherence to republican principles; and as he labored for the preservation of his country in those sad hours when they who now assail him were plotting its destruction, so he has shared in all the triumphs of freedom, and has been one of those whom his countrymen delight to honor.

It was charged against Alexander Hamilton that he had created the national debt that he and his friends might grow rich from the plunder of the public. He replied by exposing his own poverty. The charge against Mr. Colfax is that he accepted shares in a fraudulent company, received considerable dividends, and denied that he ever accepted them. The charge of having purchased some of the stock at the solicitation of Ames, who was then believed to be a man of integrity as well as wealth, Mr. Colfax admits, but states that he soon returned it, having discovered the character of the company, with the loss of what he had already paid. Since that time he has never owned any of the stock, nor received any thing from it. But Ames, who at first stated that Mr. Colfax had never received a dividend, and confirmed his statement, now at a second examination charged him with gross deception, and alleged that he paid him a check for $1200 in 1868. He produced a check drawn to the order of S. C. for that amount, and, we believe, a memorandum from his note-book. Mr. Colfax denied at once that he had ever seen the check before. His opponents examined his bank account, and finding there a deposit of $1200 in June, 1868, brought the fact forward as a proof of his having received and made use of the $1200 check. And Mr. Colfax then proves by credible witnesses that he had received about that time $1200 from different sources, which he had deposited and used. The cashier upon whom Ames's check was drawn adds an impression that Ames drew the money for it himself.

Thus the accusation against Mr. Colfax's integrity and truthfulness rests solely upon the testimony of Ames, who has made two different statements about the transaction directly opposed to each other, and who could be accepted as a trustworthy witness neither in the judgment of history nor of law. No one would trust the memory or the fidelity of a man who upon oath gives two versions of the same occurrence directly at variance. No reliance, therefore, can be placed upon the account of Ames, and, except his own testimony, there is not a trace of evidence to confirm his story—no receipt, no certificate, no indorsement. "The testimony against a public official," said Jefferson, "should be affirmative;" but neither affirmative nor negative proof exists against Mr. Colfax. His only opposing witness contradicts himself, and proves his own falseness.

Whether a person in office is permitted to buy or even hold stock in which the government may be interested is a question easily answered. No official should make any use of the opportunities of his position at the expense of the public. Hamilton, in the case we have noticed, would not allow any of his relatives, or even his friends, to buy government stock. He held $800 worth, which he had long owned, unsold until he left office. The stock which Mr. Colfax had bought he at once abandoned when he found that it might expose him to dishonorable influences or bring him into conflict with the government. He saw that he had been led into error, and at once gave up the stock, at a considerable loss to himself. His fault was venial: he strove at once to repair it. To the charge of having made money at the public loss he replies by exhibiting, like Hamilton, the moderation of his own fortune, and the honorable sources from whence it came.

It is not unreasonable, therefore, that the people of Indiana should welcome their eminent statesman with new zeal while his enemies strive to cover his fame with calumny, and destroy the well-earned reputation of a laborious life. Nothing would gratify his assailants more than to reduce Mr. Colfax to a level with themselves. Had he betrayed the principles of freedom, entered into treasonable combinations, striven to undo the honorable progress of the past, and throw the nation back into anarchy and despair, no whisper of disapprobation would have escaped from the men who now assail him: he might have been their favorite leader. His chief crime is that he was true to the interests of freedom in the recent campaign. The highest proof of his rectitude and honesty for posterity will probably be the characters of his chief assailants; from his more honorable opponents he is receiving a thorough vindication. And it is certain that no reputation will pass to future years more spotless or enviable than that of Schuyler Colfax.

CHEAP FREIGHT.

No part of the President's policy expresses more correctly the general feeling of the people, and especially of the farmers of the West and South, than that in which he suggests a more active prosecution of the various measures of internal improvement. Railroads and canals, steam and electricity, must form the strong bonds of national union. The Pacific Railroad, one of the greatest of modern works, if not altogether without a parallel, has cloven the mountains, skirted the ravines, pierced the sandy deserts, and climbed the sierras to link together the Atlantic and Pacific States in an indissoluble bond; its value to the nation has been incalculable, and the wonderful energy of its engineers and its builders has perhaps been too soon forgotten. Its sister routes, the Northern and the Southern Pacific, are only less important because they are not the first; and whatever time, energy, and money are expended in their completion will be certainly repaid by a tenfold increase of the national prosperity. The sooner they are finished the more rapid will be the growth of the vast territory west of the Mississippi, and of all the sea-ports on either ocean. But the city of New York, as the natural centre of every system of internal improvement, is still comparatively unprepared to receive the new accessions of trade that must come from the general cultivation of the Western wilderness. Its canal is already incapable of accommodating the increased transfer of grain, and its two lateral railroads are overburdened with freight. It is certain that the Erie Canal must remain for many years the chief means of conveying the flour, corn, and wheat of the new States to a market. Yet the Erie Canal is scarcely in better condition to-day than when the genius of Clinton first opened the main avenue to the commerce of New York. Comparatively, it is far less suited to the wants of trade than it was fifty years ago. To widen, deepen, and perfect this great water-course would seem to be the natural duty of the government or the State. The expense would be slight, in contrast with our resources, compared to that enormous outlay with which our ancestors burdened themselves when, under the guidance of Clinton, they cut a river through the wilderness, and joined the Atlantic to the lakes. The canal might easily be converted into a suitable pathway for steamers, and a rapid communication by water be established from Albany to Duluth.

But probably the most necessary class of internal improvements for New York, and for every section of the Union, is a series of direct railroads designed chiefly for freight. It is quite possible that the science of railroad construction is yet capable of great advance. The cost of building has heretofore been extravagant and often enormous; the system of borrowing at a large discount has increased the price of passage, and at the same time often ruined the stockholders. Our railroads at their completion are usually burdened with immense debts incurred by the waste in construction, and become the prey of the speculative and the sport of the stock exchange. The history of almost every one of the main lines leading from New York is a narrative of the ruin of the innocent stockholders who have advanced their money to the company, and the confiscation of a vast amount of property for the benefit of a few active capitalists. Yet there is no property that can be made more certainly productive than the railroad. The examples of the Belgian, Prussian, and even the French lines prove this; and many of our own are already, and have long been, paying large dividends. But with the growth of capital and of the resources of the country there seems no longer any necessity for building railroads upon credit, or paying extravagant discounts for the use of money that must finally be repaid by the ruin of stockholders. Cheapness may be obtained by abundant means, and no company need proceed to its work before it is prepared to pay every thing it owes.

Direct and straight lines proceeding from New York to the West or South, designed chiefly to carry freight, must be finally built; the sooner it is done the more rapid will be the growth of all sections. The farmers of the West are already holding meetings to exclaim against the high price they are compelled to pay for imperfect railroad carriage, and are often obliged to see their harvests waste before them because there is no ready means of bringing them to the purchaser. Never before was there so strong an excitement upon this subject. The whole West is clamoring against the extortion of the railroads, and crying out for internal improvement. The great harvest of the past year has been in a measure wasted because no suitable means have been provided to aid the farmer in his labor to supply the nations with cheap food. Nor would the direct railroad be less beneficial to the Southern States. It is probable that the future crops of cotton will steadily increase, and if no political disturbances destroy the productiveness of the South, the cry for cheap and swift internal communication will be as loud in Alabama and Tennessee as in Minnesota and Illinois. And one of the chief questions of the next four years will be, how far our honest capitalists will aid in providing for this want of the people, or how much of the duty will fall upon the national government. It would certainly be far better for the people to unite their money, and build their own railroads and canals cheaply and honestly; but if they do not, the national government must.

CRIMINALS AND PAUPERS.

Recent developments of the condition of the prisons and penitentiaries, of the almshouses and asylums, under the care of the city of New York and the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, show that they are little better than seminaries of crime. The prisoner comes from them infinitely worse than when he went there, and even the lunatics are exposed to the fatal influence of their infamous keepers. Yet these institutions are costly and extravagant beyond conception. Several millions of dollars are expended upon them annually; the city is burdened with an immense expense to provide schools of crime and haunts of indolence; and of this money how much is diverted from its proper objects by peculators and dishonest officials seems not yet to have been revealed by any careful inquiry. The subject is yet a virgin field for some bold reformer.

But we are at present desirous only of indicating whence the great body of criminals and paupers come, and why it is that the immense throng is annually increasing, to entail new taxes upon the city, and rest with intolerable weight upon the industrious and provident; for the cost of our criminal classes to each citizen amounts to a poll-tax of nearly five dollars a head, or when thrown upon the general taxation, if we include the charges of courts, justices, police, and prisons, reaches nearly one-third of the whole, excluding the interest on the debt, which may be said to have been created by the criminal classes, and to have been the result in great part of their active labors at the polls. The origin of crime, indolence, and pauperism is therefore of surpassing interest to every citizen, to the capitalist and land-owner, the merchant and mechanic, the honest day-laborer and the workman of every grade, since each is called upon to pay part of the expense of maintaining prisons where crime is nurtured, and asylums that are often the haunt of vicious indolence.

By the report of the Commissioner in Massachusetts we learn that 80 per cent. of the crime of that State comes from the illiterate and imperfectly educated portion of its population, who are chiefly foreigners, or persons one or both of whose parents were born in a foreign country. These "illiterates," it seems, who have never attended the public schools, or have obtained scarcely any education, are the source of fatal burdens to the community. "Not far from 75 per cent.," the report states, "of New England crime is committed by persons of foreign extraction; therefore 20 per cent. of the population furnishes 75 per cent. of the criminals." These statistics have been prepared with great labor, are unquestionable authority, and may be found in the report of the Commissioner of Education for 1871. Of Massachusetts we are told, "Of the 14,315 inmates of her State and county institutions, 11,382, or a fraction less than 80 per cent., are of foreign extraction. Of the juvenile delinquents at the Boston Reformatory, on Deer Island, numbering 280, only 35 were foreign born, and yet 90 per cent. were estimated by the superintendent to be of foreign extraction." This is the remarkable condition of Massachusetts. Her foreign population provides nearly all her criminals and paupers, although it forms only one-fifth of the whole. But for ignorance, cherished in foreign countries by some fatal influence, the cost of the prisons and almshouses of New England might be diminished by nearly three-fourths, and a great burden taken from the honest and industrious portion of the people. No similar statistics exist for New York. Yet there can be no doubt that the same condition of morals prevails here. We may assume that the larger part of the children of the penitentiaries are of foreign extraction, and that three-fourths of our criminals and paupers come from our foreign population, and have never been submitted to the discipline of a public school.

The remedy for this state of things is plain. A system of compulsory education, thoroughly enforced, would relieve our penitentiaries of nearly all their inmates, and leave our vast prisons almost deserted. The great sums now wasted by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction in producing crime would be diminished by at least two-thirds. Taxation would be reduced proportionately, police justices and police officials would soon be comparatively without employment, and might, in a certain degree, be dispensed with, and the security of life and property, the general good order of the people, would be so effectually provided for as to relieve our city from much of that unhappy renown that now rests upon its criminal records. A system of compulsory education must save millions to the community, add to the value of its property, and increase its prosperity to an extraordinary degree. We suggest, therefore, this subject to our reformers as one of the most important upon which they can deliberate.

ART NOTES.

No one who loves beautiful pictures should fail to visit the remarkable collection of paintings by the late John F. Kensett, now on exhibition in the galleries of the National Academy of Design. There are over eight hundred pictures and studies on the walls, and of these not more than fifty are from the hands of other artists. A large number of these pictures are finished, many are well advanced toward completion, and even the slightest and most hasty sketches and studies are interesting from some indication of the artist's habits of observation, cast of thought, or of his method of working; and as the whole collection is to be sold at auction, the admirers of Kensett will have an excellent opportunity to obtain some characteristic specimen of his style.

Mr. Thomas Kensett, of Baltimore, has offered to purchase his brother's choice collection of pictures by contemporary artists, and present it to the Metropolitan Art Museum of New York, if others will present a selection from his late brother's works of equal value. This offer has been accepted, and the Museum will be enriched with a collection of paintings of great interest and value.

The exhibition of English water-colors at the National Academy of Design was not such a success as the glowing promises of its managers led us to anticipate. The number of works was much smaller than was originally intended, and none of them belonged to the first class of English water-colors; few, in fact, would be regarded as coming even within the second class. To every one familiar with the water-color exhibitions of London it was evident that nearly the whole collection was made up of pictures that would not have been admitted to a first-class exhibition in England. Yet we are informed that the pictures sold fairly, and that a sufficient sum was realized to cover all expenses. We also understand that the experiment will be repeated next year. If so, we trust the managers will secure a few pictures which have not been rejected by the hanging committees of English water-color societies, or never offered for fear of rejection.

In a letter to the *Evening Post* Mr. Blackburn, the manager and agent of the exhibition, asks:

> "Shall I tell our English painters in water-colors that their craft has little dignity or respect in the eyes of Americans; that the most critical and cultured part of the press speaks of them as 'cartoonists,' 'aquarelists' (a word almost unknown in England), and that a school of painters unrivaled in the world is spoken of here as 'playing at art' and manufacturing 'paper pictures?'"

We think not, if Mr. Blackburn has any regard for truth. No "critical" or "cultured" newspaper has used the queer words quoted by the writer. If the English water-colorists will send over better pictures, they will have no reason to complain of a want of American appreciation.

PERSONAL.

That President Grant should write the following letter to Mr. Colfax is just what would be expected from his kindly feeling and strong sense of justice:

> "Executive Mansion, Washington, *March 4, 1873.*
>
> "My dear Mr. Colfax,—Allow me to say that I sympathize with you in the recent Congressional investigations; that I have watched them closely, and I am as satisfied now, as I have ever been, of your integrity, patriotism, and freedom from the charges imputed as if I knew of my own knowledge of your innocence. Our official relations have been so pleasant that I would like to keep up the personal relations through life.
>
> "Affectionately yours,
>
> (Signed) "U. S. Grant."

Among the political opponents of Mr. Colfax who have testified their confidence in his integrity Mr. Watterson is the most emphatic and manly. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* of March 10 contained the following editorial: "We have taken the trouble to review carefully the case of Mr. Colfax, as recorded in the Congressional investigation, and compare it with the elaborate defense delivered by the late Vice-President at South Bend last Saturday. The result of our research is that he has given a successful and satisfactory explanation of the entire matter. It will require closer analysis than that which we have made, or are capable of making, to alter our opinion that in this business Mr. Colfax has been very much abused and wronged, and we are the readier to allow this since we have never been tempted, and could not be induced, to sacrifice the private character of any man to partisan interest or prejudice. In doing what we believe to be an act of personal justice, we desire to be full and explicit and ungrudging, and therefore we shall not shallow congratulations which we have to offer a conspicuous political adversary by any of those minor disparagements which might be sanctioned by a less generous criticism."

—General Daniel Butterfield, who last year made a thorough investigation of the practical workings of the postal systems of Europe, has given to the public a very interesting report thereon, accompanied with valuable suggestions for the increase of our facilities in the delivery of letters. His plan is to have a metropolitan delivery that will include all the river suburbs as far as Weehawken and Long Island City, and, if possible, all of Staten Island and the lower part of Westchester County.

—Mr. W. D. Bishop, president of the New York and New Haven Railway Company, has again commended himself to the respect and regards of the people of Westchester County by announcing that on the 1st of April a reduction of some twenty per cent. will be made in the rate of commutation on that road. Westchester is so rapidly becoming a part of New York, and the means of transit thither so frequent, so convenient, and now so economical, that this movement of Mr. Bishop's must obviously bring to the road a large augmentation of travel. That road is quite generally conceded to be one of the most admirably managed in the United States—a model of punctuality in the arrival and departure of its trains.

—Colonel Dorsey, the new U. S. Senator from Arkansas, had the exceptional felicity of receiving nearly all the votes of the Legislature, both parties voting for him—in fact, all but eight votes being cast for him. He is the youngest member of the Senate.

—Mr. Justice Nelson, who was a few days since made the recipient of a handsome compliment from the bar of this city, is, we believe, the oldest jurist in the United States in point of continuous service. Next to him, probably, is Judge Ingraham, of the Supreme Court, of this city, now in his thirty-sixth year of service, and whose term will expire with the close of the present year. Most lawyers of our day are not informed as to how it happened that Judge Nelson was promoted to the Supreme Bench. At the time of the death of Mr. Justice Smith Thompson, his predecessor, the President nominated to the Senate as his successor the late Chancellor Walworth. Several of the Southern Senators were opposed to his confirmation on two grounds: first, his habit of interrupting counsel and "talking" from the bench, but chiefly for his political opinions, which were quite distasteful to a majority of the Senate. So vigorous and outspoken was this opposition, and so likely to culminate in his rejection, that the President withdrew his nomination, and on the instant sent in the name of Judge Nelson, who was promptly confirmed. Had it not been for the late chancellor's objectionable politics, he would have worn the official robe that for nearly forty years rested so gracefully upon the venerable gentleman who has just descended from the bench.

—The amount of money realized by Professor Tyndall from his lectures in this country, which he proposes to invest as a permanent fund the interest of which shall be expended "in aid of students who devote themselves to original researches," is about $13,000, and has been conveyed in an article of trust for that purpose to a committee consisting of Professor Henry, General Hector Tyndale, and Professor E. L. Youmans. Speaking of Professor Henry, who is an Albanian, in early life he was an admirable actor, and had a strong predilection for the stage; at the same time he had a fondness for science. It was for some time in doubt whether the former or latter should carry the day. Happily for science, he decided in her favor. The gentleman who communicates this to the *Weekly* has frequently seen Professor Henry on the "boards," and pronounces him the best amateur actor he ever saw.

—Lord Lytton's will has just been admitted to probate. After a few legacies to certain friends and to his servants, amounting in the aggregate to $70,000, he gives all his estate to his son, "Owen Meredith." The personal estate is valued at about $400,000; the real estate was, of course, entailed.

—Baron Charles Dupin, who recently died in France at the age of eighty-nine, was one of the notable men of France. He was a member of the Academy of Sciences; professor of geometry as applied to industry at the Conservatoire des Arts-et-Métiers, and former Senator; had belonged to the liberal party under the Restoration, and had received his title from Louis XVIII., but in the declining years of his life he adopted ultra-conservative opinions.

—Guizot thinks that Father Hyacinthe will not meet with any great success in France, that people believing that there is no middle ground between atheism and Catholicism; in other words, that a man must be a whole Catholic or none at all. One can not be a half Catholic. Guizot added: "It may interest you to know, perhaps, that before he married he sent to consult me upon the advisability of an act which, among other things, would separate him forever from the Church of Rome. I answered that he should think a long time before doing a thing so radically opposed to his career, and calculated to embarrass his position as a reformer in the Church. Furthermore, I said that before marrying he must make up his mind to go all lengths in opposition to Rome, and to feel assured that he was really in earnest and prepared for all the contingencies of his new situation. My daughter went to hear Father Hyacinthe preach the other Sunday at the Oratory. She tells me she was more impressed with his eloquence than by any special depth or originality in his sermons."

—Mr. Bessemer, the steel man, is said to have declared that he can, if necessary, produce a gun capable of throwing a ball weighing ten tons.

—Ex-President Johnson did a neat thing a few days since, that shows the elasticity of Federal institutions. To oblige an old friend he went before a justice of the peace and defended a case just as he used to do in the olden time.

—Lord Hatherly, the predecessor of Sir Roundell Palmer as Lord Chancellor of England, who retired from that position owing to the failure of his eye-sight, has undergone an operation for cataract, and is likely to regain the use of his eyes.

—The statutes of the order of the Golden Fleece oblige, under penalty of forfeiture of the dignity, all its knights to wear mourning for a deceased knight at his death, and for three months thereafter. Guizot and Thiers will therefore wear mourning for Napoleon III.

—Richard Turner, or "Dickey," as he was familiarly called, was the originator of the word "teetotal." He was a rousing speaker, with an imagination that ran riot through all kinds of images. In one of his speeches he is said to have made the following extraordinary appeal: "Let us be up and doing, comrades! Let us take our axes over our shoulders and plow the deep till the good ship *Temperance* sails gayly over the land."

—Mr. Lowe, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, is not a very popular man, either with his supporters or opporters, as may be inferred from the following *jeu d'esprit*, going the rounds of the London clubs:

EPITAPH ON ROBERT LOWE.

(*Written by a Colleague.*)

"In lowest depths a lower still."

Here lies poor Robert Lowe,
A faithless friend, a bitter foe.
Who can pronounce, now he is dead,
Whither his restless soul has fled?
If to the realms of light and love,
Concord no longer reigns above;
If he has found a lower level,
All men compassionate the devil!

—Our old friend Santa Anna is not yet dead, nor insensible to the delights of a chicken dispute. His last public contest was with Maximilian, and now he proposes, unless some fresh rebellion occurs, to come to New York in a few days to enjoy our society, and incidentally to participate in any small "mains" that may be coming off in New Jersey.

—It is a pleasing peculiarity of Mrs. Nancy Welch, of Canaan, Connecticut, ninety years old, that she can walk a mile in thirty minutes, knit, sew, and read a chapter in the Bible without spectacles. Mrs. Elizabeth Lord, of Fairfield, who was eighty-nine a few days ago, can do as much with her eyes and hands as Aunty Welch, but when it comes to the mile in thirty minutes, she has her.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The case of Mr. Caldwell, who is charged with bribery, occupied much of the attention of the United States Senate during the week. A resolution was adopted on the 12th inst. directing the Judiciary Committee to make inquiry as to additional Union Pacific Railway extensions, and requesting the executive departments not to issue bonds or patent certificates therefor until the committee shall have made a report.—In the Senate, on the 14th inst., Mr. Anthony, of Rhode Island, submitted a preamble and resolution, which lies over, setting forth that whereas at the late session of Congress a resolution was reported from the select committee on the subject of the Crédit Mobilier, that J. W Patterson be expelled; and whereas it was then manifestly impossible to consider said resolution without serious detriment to business, and it being questionable whether the Senate can now consider the same after Mr. Patterson has ceased to be a member of the Senate: therefore, *resolved*, that the failure of the Senate to act upon said resolution of the select committee is not to be interpreted as an approval or disapproval of the same, and that Mr. Patterson have leave to make a written statement, to be published in the *Congressional Record*.

The Clergymen's Association of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, have published a resolution sympathizing with Father Stack's movement against the absolute power of the American bishops, which they regard as involving the citizens' interests generally, and hail his action as the dawn of a new era which will liberalize the Catholic Church in America so as to place her within the limits of the evangelizing fraternity.

Mr. Boutwell, late Secretary of the Treasury, was elected to the United States Senate by the Legislature of Massachusetts on the 12th inst.

The legislative act authorizing the city of Boston to issue $20,000,000 fire bonds has been declared unconstitutional.

The diplomatic corps resident in Washington called on President Grant on the 10th inst. and tendered him their congratulations.

The New Hampshire election for Governor, State legislators, and Congressmen took place on the 11th inst., but the results have not yet been declared. Governor Straw is probably re-elected by a majority of 300 to 400 votes. The remainder of the ticket is in doubt.

The New York State Assembly has appointed a special committee to investigate the affairs of the Erie Railway management. General Diven, vice-president of the road, has resigned. The Senate adopted a resolution requesting the Controller of this city to furnish a statement of the cost, fees, and expenses incurred in opening streets, avenues, and public squares during the past five years, and to whom the money was paid.

Governor Dix has refused to further interfere in the Foster case, and the murderer is therefore doomed to be hanged.

The Rhode Island Republican State Convention has nominated Henry Howard for Governor.

Rev. L. D. Huston, D.D., of Baltimore, has been expelled from the Methodist Episcopal Church by the Annual Conference of the Church South.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Irish University bill was rejected in the House of Commons on the 11th inst., by a majority of three votes, in consequence of which Mr. Gladstone tendered his resignation of the Premiership. On the following day the students of Trinity College burned the Prime Minister in effigy. On the 13th inst. Mr. Gladstone announced the resignation of the ministry, and its acceptance by the Queen, to the House of Commons, and Earl Granville made a similar report to the House of Lords, whereupon both Houses adjourned till the 17th inst.

The Roman Catholic clergy were again severely handled by Prince Bismarck in a powerful speech on the 10th inst.

The German Parliament was opened on the 12th inst., by the Emperor William, who, in his speech, expressed the belief that the negotiations now in progress would result in the entire evacuation of French territory by the German troops.

Affairs in Spain are still in an unsettled condition. The Carlists on one hand are destroying the railroads, while the Federalists, on the other, are organizing a Revolutionary Committee in Madrid. Twenty-two of the provinces have demanded the dissolution of the Assembly, and Catalonia and Andalusia want independent governments of their own. On the 12th inst. the Assembly sanctioned the bill of the government suspending the sittings and convoking the constituent Cortes.

On the occasion of the anniversary of the death of Mazzini, on the 11th inst., a number of democrats sought to visit his tomb, when the police interfered, and a riot was only prevented by the prompt action of the troops, who succeeded in allaying the disturbance.

The ex-King Amadeus has formally resumed his rights as a citizen of Italy.

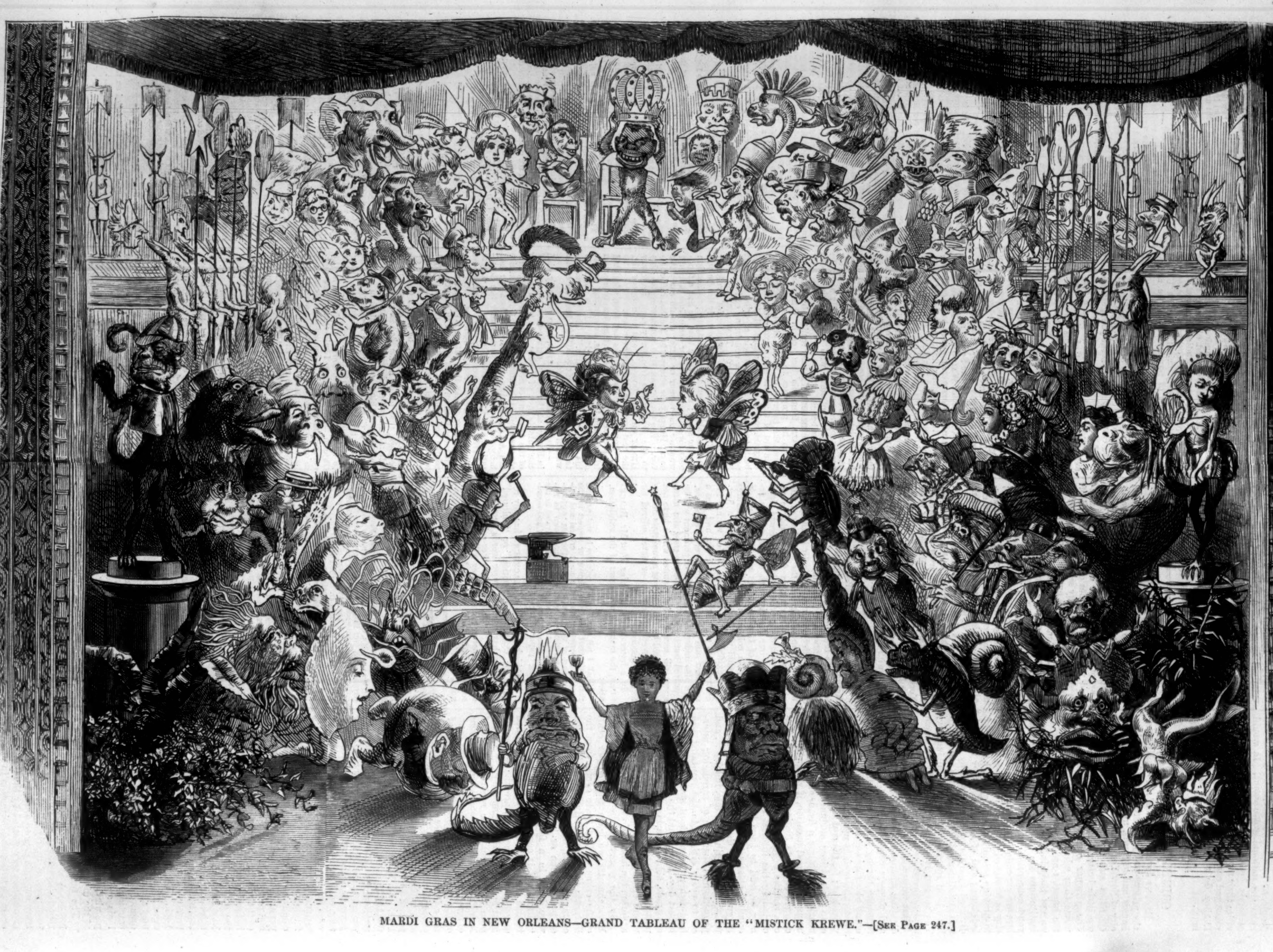
The Atlantic cable of 1865 failed on the afternoon of the 11th inst.

General Porfirio Diaz has become Chief Justice of Mexico, which, in the event of a vacancy, would make him President of the republic.

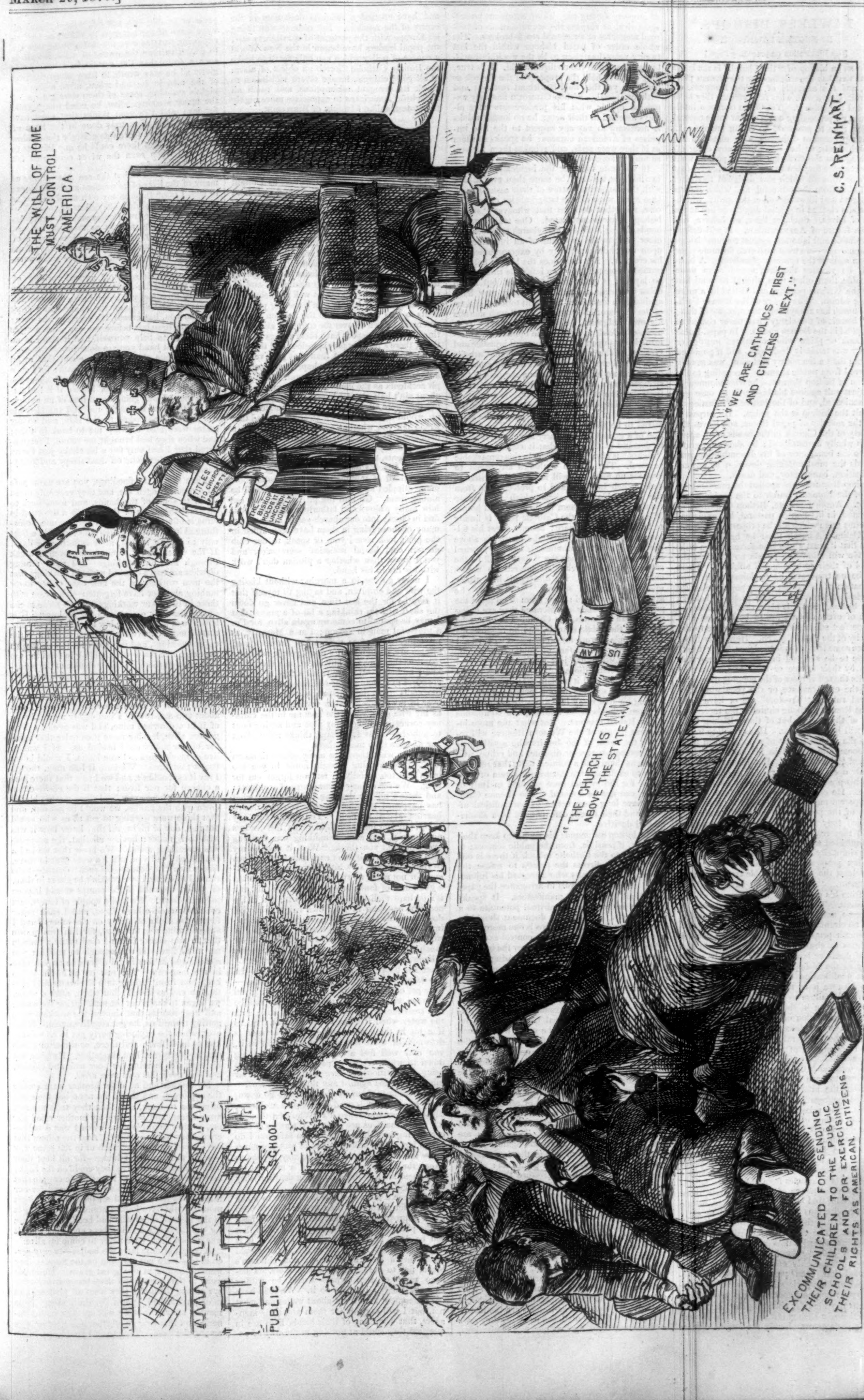
The Speaker of the Lower House in the Manitoba Legislature was treated to a coat of tar by indignant citizens of that interesting country because of his decision in a case that affected the rights of the people as against the Hudson Bay Company.

The constituent project reported by the Committee of Thirty was adopted by the French Assembly on the 13th inst.

The Cuban General Rubalcaba was executed by the Spanish authorities at Puerto Principe on the 13th inst.



MARDI GRAS IN NEW ORLEANS—GRAND TABLEAU OF THE "MISTICK KREWE."—[See Page 247.]


"THE WILL OF ROME MUST CONTROL AMERICA."
TITLES TO CHURCH PROPERTY
THE BISHOP HOLDS IT UNCONDITIONALLY
LAW
US LAW
"THE CHURCH IS ABOVE THE STATE"
"WE ARE CATHOLICS FIRST AND CITIZENS NEXT."
PUBLIC SCHOOL
EXCOMMUNICATED FOR SENDING THEIR CHILDREN TO THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND FOR EXERCISING THEIR RIGHTS AS AMERICAN CITIZENS.
C. S. REINHART

THE NEW ROMISH CRUSADE AGAINST LIBERTY AND LAW.—[SEE ARTICLE "LAWLESS BISHOPS" ON NEXT PAGE.]

LAWLESS BISHOPS.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

[See Illustration on preceding Page.]

To sue a bishop of "the Church" is the latest crime that has been defined by the Roman prelates, and the example of Bishop Borgess, of Detroit, shows with what fatal efficacy they have learned to punish it. Yet to the common intelligence no proceeding could appear more natural or just than to prosecute an erring prelate. If a bishop becomes dishonest, a peculator of the Church funds, or has committed any other offense against the civil rights of his people, what resource have they but to apply to the law?—that supreme tribunal which was designed to shelter the feeble from the powerful, and which inflicts its stigma and its stroke upon the guilty, whether he sits clothed in official dignity or lies at the gate of Dives. Such, at least, we believe, will be the future of American law. It will defend the humble and ignorant against corrupt bishops as strenuously—we trust with even far more rigor—than against the common plunderer. A bishop, if he violates the law, would seem more blamable than other men, should be punished with the extreme penalty, and visited by a more lasting odium. The theory of the Roman Catholic Church has always been the opposite of this; the "benefit of the clergy" has never ceased to be applied in the Roman courts. In papal Rome the monk or priest who committed murder or robbery was tenderly dealt with, and if punished by more than a temporary seclusion, was usually preserved from public shame. According to the decision of Bishop Borgess, he who commences an unjust suit against his bishop is at once excommunicated, and of the justice or injustice of the suit the bishop is the judge. He surpasses even the severity of papal Rome, and leaves the property of the Church in the hands of an agent who is wholly unrestrained; he shows no gratitude to the benefactor of his denomination, and rewards the most unselfish devotion by excommunication, bankruptcy, and death.

Bishop Borgess has applied the practical terrors of the Roman Church to the avoidance of a debt. Another prelate, Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, in his Lenten pastoral, has explained the terms upon which all the property of the Roman Catholic Church must be held. He declares that it must all be transferred to the bishop. He will allow the people no share in the control of their own religious affairs. "There shall be no trustees!" he exclaims, with some indignation at the notion of any popular element in ecclesiastical rule. "The property belongs to the bishop," and it is plain that hereafter the people of every diocese are to be reduced to a more perfect submission than ever before to the authority of the Papal Church. Heretofore there has been some trace of independence. No "trustees" are to be suffered in future to annoy the bishop by their advice or their remonstrances, to excite the self-respect of the congregation, and check the extravagance or the peculation of a spiritual ruler. "Trustees" are or have been in some Roman Catholic churches the representatives of the people, but of these Bishop Gilmour will have no more. He is resolute to extirpate the slightest taint of republicanism from his diocese, and to hold in his hand the whole wealth of "the Church." But Bishop Gilmour has only openly exerted over his people a power which his predecessors have usually exercised in silence. He commands what they have won by less apparent means, and takes in his hands the money of the people with a despotic authority, to which they dare not offer any opposition. Should they resist the bishop, they may be excommunicated without appeal.

The simplicity of the despotism which Bishop Gilmour proposes to establish in Ohio is to him at least the most admirable trait in church government. "Hereafter," he says—and we quote from his pastoral—"there are and will be no trustees. The bishop is the only trustee in the diocese, and in his name all property is held. Under no circumstances will we allow laymen to hold church property, or in any way to control it. Titles to church property, whether in the form of deeds or land contracts, shall be made directly to the bishop, 'his heirs and assigns,' without qualification or condition. Nearly all the troubles we have noted in the diocese have arisen from a failure to strictly comply with the orders laid down in the 'rules and regulations for the administration of the temporal affairs of the Church in the diocese.'" In this arrogant tone does the papal ruler speak to his people, with an assumption of power which no French or German bishop ventures to exhibit, and takes into his own hands the fruits of their labors. He is resolved to have no more troubles in his diocese from the interference of an aggrieved or outraged congregation. "If a difference arises," he adds, "the priest must be obeyed until the matter in dispute can be referred to the bishop, whose decision is final;" and thus we have a plain statement of the way in which the property of the Roman Catholic Church is controlled. The bishop holds it all. Lands, buildings, school-houses, convents, nunneries, donations from the State, legacies from individuals, fall together into the power of a single prelate, often an alien, educated in a European college, hostile to free institutions by disposition and by early training, always the abject instrument of a foreign Pope. The rapid accumulation of wealth in religious societies has always been looked upon with jealousy by free governments; the existence of a richly endowed and ambitious priesthood has been prevented even in monarchical and despotic states by severe legislation; but in our new country there seems to be no means provided for checking the usurpations and avarice of a Bishop Gilmour. The Roman Catholic prelates are already the largest owners of property among us. Their enormous possessions rival or surpass the accumulations of railroad magnates or successful stock-brokers. The whole order of papal bishops within the last twenty years has risen to be the wealthiest aristocracy known to the civilized world. It is true, they claim to hold the property of the Church as trustees; yet they hold it without restraint and without appeal. Bishop Gilmour has only expressed openly what his predecessors have always asserted in their acts; he no longer thinks it necessary to pay any respect to the free impulses of American citizens; he speaks to them as if they were serfs, and rebukes them for presuming to oppose a bishop.

If we unite together the inculcations of the two bishops we shall be more than ever struck with the dangerous nature of their assumptions. One seizes upon all the temporalities of his diocese, the other declares that whoever "sues a bishop" is excommunicated. One takes into his hands church buildings and church revenues, the other escapes the payment of an incumbrance upon the church property by excommunicating his creditor. Not only does the bishop hold his immense possessions by an infallible title, which no layman is permitted to dispute, but in all debts and claims which the layman may have against him he refuses to submit to the decisions of the courts of his country. In all such matters his own judgment, he declares, is final. It is useless, indeed, to express the opinion of American citizens upon such extravagant injustice and tyranny. The whole order of Roman Catholic bishops will create by their avarice and ambition so general an indignation among the people that stringent laws will in every State relieve them from the care of church property.

Yet Bishop Gilmour is not content with the confiscation of the money of his people; he is resolved to be their political leader. The formation of a great Catholic party among us, resolute to demand at the polls what it claims to be its "rights," is also insisted upon in this remarkable pastoral. The Roman Catholics are urged to vote for no man who will not pledge himself to defend their interests, and to protect them from the intolerable oppressions which the bishop thinks weigh upon them in their adopted home. What the object of the Catholic party is finally to be he does not declare; he only urges his followers to remember that "the church is above the state," and, we presume, is looking forward to the happy hour when the "state" shall be the subject of the church. At present he names only one grievance. He directs his first attack upon the common schools. "Catholics," he says, "are too timid; they seem to go upon the principle that if they are tolerated they are doing well." He demands that Catholics shall not be taxed for the public schools, and he requires his docile people to vote for no one who will not aid in destroying the system of public instruction. Bishop Gilmour has just assumed the control of the Cleveland diocese "in obedience to the will of Rome," and it is plain that in organizing his spiritual subjects into a political party, in making his first essay in politics by assailing the common schools, he is fulfilling the commands of his Italian masters. But what the more intelligent people of the Western Reserve will reply to the agent of the Jesuits who assails their chief protection against disorder and crime, who threatens them with a political party that requires them to exchange the American system of education for the system once pursued in Italy or Spain, can not be doubted. The Roman Catholics have long been active in our political affairs, and their recent defeats have been shameful and decisive.

The bishop commands his people to keep their children, if possible, from the public schools; to send them to the Catholic school, if there is one near; and he directs the priests to refuse the sacraments to parents who disregard his injunctions. His pastoral rivals in arrogance the papal allocutions and Jesuit manifestoes. It speaks with the authority of a spiritual potentate to a race of serfs. That such a document should be addressed to American citizens is one more proof of the dangerous nature of the control exercised by the Roman Catholic prelates over the ignorant and fanatical, of the necessity of opposing the assaults of the foreign priesthood by a rigorous system of compulsory education. The safety of the community, now more than ever before, demands that all its people should be educated.

In fact, the strangely presumptuous and threatening bearing of the Papal Church toward its own followers, as well as the outer world, since the recent Council and the final triumph of the Jesuits, shows the usual rash audacity of that dangerous society. No sooner had it gained the control of the Roman policy than it threw the whole Continent into confusion. Every where the adherents of the Roman Church have been placed almost in the condition of rebels to their own governments. The peaceful German Catholics have been driven by their Jesuit guides into open conflict with the state. The Jesuits are preaching every where a crusade against Italian unity, and laboring to excite the impassioned French to an invasion of the peninsula: amidst seas of blood they would restore the Pope to his barbarous throne. It was almost the latest wish of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, we are told with exultation by the London *Tablet*, to lead the French to the restoration of Pius IX., and enforce anew upon prosperous Rome the fatal chains of an ecclesiastical rule. Our modern Loyolas wander among mankind sowing discord and perpetuating strife. Homeless, with no ties of country or of race, the Jesuit pursues in every land his solitary aim, to elevate the Papal Church upon the ruins of human freedom, to fulfill the secret dictates of his General at Rome. Our American bishops are the instruments of his blind fanaticism; already they raise a menacing front against our free institutions, and have created a religious despotism in the centre of the republic. Not content with filling all Europe with the portents of a religious war, the papal leaders have begun in the New World a course of policy which can only serve to make the Roman Catholic Church an object of alarm to all good citizens, invoke severe legislation to check its arrogant assumptions, and teach all thoughtful Americans to appreciate more highly the statesmanlike foresight of Bismarck.

MEN WHO FACE DEATH.

Well, I've worked in pits ever sin' I was eight years old, and now I'm turned on forty, and barring a few knocks and bruises, as I might 'a got a-following any other trade, and as I don't think nout on, I'm as sound as a bell; so as any one might easily say as I wasn't the man to cry out about a pitman's work being dangerous, or say as how he carried his life in his hand more'n any other man as I know on. And if it was on'y of myself I thought, mind you, I wouldn't talk about it; but I'm thinking of pitmen in general, and there's no mistake about it, theirs is a dangerous life, let who will say it or say against it, and of course there's none knows as well as themselves *how* dangerous it is. It's on'y the big pit accidents as gets wrote about in the London papers, and made known all over the country; and sometimes when the papers have other things to busy them, there's tidy big pit explosions and the like, as no more is said about than that they've happened—explosions that, mayhap, have wiped out a dozen or more lives in an instant. The coal-pit accidents as the general public comes to hear about ain't half of what happen, though, supposing they were all, they alone, if you totaled them up, would show a roll of killed and wounded that would tell you whether or not the pitman's is a dangerous calling. But they ain't all; there's scarcely a day passes in a mining district without accidents, and men being killed and maimed. Go to a Black Country camp-meeting, or any other crowd of mining people, and notice how many crippled and fire-scorched men there'll be among them. Go into the pit villages, and see how many widows and fatherless children you'll find in them; into our church-yards, and see how many of those lying in them have been killed in the pits; look round you, or speak to our club doctors and burial societies' secretaries, and you'll know then whether a pitman don't work with his life in his hand.

I never go out in a morning without kissing the wife and children, and saying to myself that it *may* be for the last time, and never go down the shaft without thinking a bit of a prayer that I may be spared to come up again alive, for I'm a prayerful man in season; I'm a Methody, as my father was before me, and as thousands of pitmen are, though there's many people as thinks—not as they mean us any harm, only they don't know no better—that we're all a rough, godless crew. I'm a chap as has eddicated myself a bit, too, and I reads the newspapers and turns things over in my mind—puts on my considering-cap, as my wife says, when she sees me in the chimney-corner a-puffing at my pipe and saying nout to nobody—so as I, perhaps, thinks more about our dangers than most others.

Not but what there are many others think on 'em. They're being brought home to you too often and too awfully to let you forget 'em for long. We see or hear about scores of accidents; and there's no use denying it, hearing of what has happened to others makes you feel down-hearted about yourself. You don't say any thing, but you feel and think; you feel restless and uneasy, and as if something was hanging over you, and you think, "Well, it may be my turn next," and you don't care about going down to your work, and very little serves you as an excuse for not going down. Of course there's often a good deal of fancy in you feeling like this, and it's perhaps foolish to give way to it; but if the accident has been in your own neighborhood, I don't know as you haven't good grounds for feeling feared and out of sorts o'er it. Though I've worked in pits so long, I can't say as I know much about them scientific like, but all the same I know, from putting two and two together of what *has* happened, that when the damps—the fire-damp and the choke-damp and foul gases—once get on the move in a district, they're given to move all about, and they're awfully sudden and treacherous; and it's much the same with the water when it takes to breaking in. So as if a pit in the same coal-field as your own is drowned, or there has been an explosion in it, you may well feel a bit nervous about going down to work, whatever people may say about being superstitious, or how well your partic'lar mine is guarded against any thing of the sort.

According to them as wants men to go down, every mine always is dead safe against accidents, till one happens, and then it's "Who'd ha' thought it?" when the lives are gone. Not as I say that every thing isn't done to make 'em safe, but I do say as how in the best-provided of pits you never know the minute that something may happen to sweep the hands into eternity in a moment, or bury them alive to die a lingering death, if they can't be got at in time from above.

Of course a good deal has been done to make mines safer than they used to be; there's been great improvements in that way since I've been in the pits; but if there is any thing more that can be done, government should see that it is done, cost what money it might, for it would mean men's lives and women and children's bread, not to speak of their happiness. I believe most of the owners would be willing enough, if only all had to do it. We men have our differences with them about wages and what not, but I will say this for them and their managers, that when any of their hands' lives are in question they stand at nothing in the way of expense or trouble—no, nor risk either; there's always some of the big guns as willing to lead an exploring party as ever the mates of the men are to go. I've seen the owner of a flooded pit in such a state that I'm certain he'd have freely given all he was worth to have saved the lives of the men in it; and when, after a day and night's pumping, some of them were got out of the upper workings alive, he cried like a child for joy; and I've seen things that must have cost thousands of pounds done in the hope of saving life, where there was scarcely the shadow of a chance that there could be any life left to save, and when even the wives concerned felt that it was useless.

Why, there's nout but the sea as swallows as many of the lives of its workers as the pit does; in fact, I often think in my own mind as how us pitmen are a good deal like sailors as to the dangers we run; they're often as sudden, sweeping, and hard to guard against as those of the sea, and I should say we had rather less chance of getting away from them than sailors have from theirs. A storm generally does give some warning, but an explosion don't.

It's generally in some old, unused workings of the pit that the fire-damp gathers head, and when the blow-up comes you haven't time to even think a prayer; and although the choke-damp don't flash on you, but creeps, it's scarcely less sure; it has you senseless before you can raise a voice or a finger to help yourself, and if there is no other help at hand you are done for.

There's one thing, though, about that awful choke-damp—it gi's you an easy death; for I once had a dose of it, and knowed as much about the feeling of it as I should ha' known if it had finished me. I was going down first of an exploring party when it caught me and tumbled me o'er; but I was lashed to the skip, and so my mates were able to whip me to bank in time; and when they had brought me round, I remembered that I had only felt a bit choky just for an instant, and then gone off dead sleepy and heavy-headed.

Then there's the floodings, you are never safe for a moment agen 'em, and they generally mean death to some of the hands, and sometimes to all; and the death of the men in a drowned-in mine is often a cruel, long, lingering one, something akin to that of sailors who escape in a boat only to be lost at last, after suffering for days. If the water comes from above, from a break through into old workings—and most mining districts are curry-combed with old workings that the men working in the new ones either know nothing about or have forgotten—it's a case with those in the lower workings, though those in the upper ones may escape—sooner or later. If it bursts in at bottom, or a low level, it isn't so bad; there's more chance for the men to get into the upper workings, and it doesn't fill the shaft with wreckage like the water tumbling in from the top does; so that there is a better chance of the pumping out being done quick and straightforwardly.

I can speak feelingly about the floodings, for though, as I said, I'm whole and sound, I've had a near touch or two for my life. When I was about two-and-twenty I had eighty mortal hours of it in a drowned mine, and was one of eleven got out alive, leaving more than twice that number of our mates dead behind us. If I was to live as many years as those hours, I would never forget that time. We bore it like men, though I say it as shouldn't, and we knew that there *was* a chance for our lives; that if the choke-damp and foul air kept away, and there was no break-down with the pumps, we would be got out, and that those were working to get at us who would not rest, day or night, till they knew how it was with their mates; but for all that, the suspense was something awful. We knew that we had a chance, as I tell you, still we were shut in there, face to face with death—and such a death!—to be starved to death, if we couldn't be got at in time, or slowly drowned if the pumps should happen to break down. We had a couple of lamps, and could see each other's faces, and I shall never forget the looks of agony on the others', and I suppose mine was the same, for I'm free to own that in that eighty hours I died many a time in my mind like. It was enough to madden you a'most, and in fact it did drive one on 'em mad in the long-run. The rest on us had a job to keep him from rushing into the water and putting an end to hisself; but when, after a while, we began to make out the tank hitting the water, and hear sounds that showed the workers were getting toward us, he got steadier again. However, when the exploring party got to us we sent him to bank first; and there, as sometimes falls out, joy o'erturned him altogether. He quite lost his head o'er meeting his poor wife and childer, and was never his own man after.

My feyther and an older brother were among the explorers, and they'd let none but their sels bring me to bank, and then they took me reet away home, and they and my mother cried o'er me, as they might 'a done when I was a babe—cried, they were so happy. And the others that were saved were made much of in the same way—when they were got home—for all kept their feelings down as much as they could on the bank; for when we were got at it was made certain that all the others in the pit were dead, and for our relations to have showed all their joy at the pit mouth would have looked almost like flouting it in the faces of those who had been waiting there for the husbands and brothers and sons who, it was known then, were never to come up alive.

A couple of days later the bodies—twenty-seven in all—were got out, and on the Sunday they were all buried in one great grave. Hundreds came to the funeral, and there was scarcely a dry eye among them, for they were all pit-folk, and most on 'em had known the dead men. Nine months afterward there was another such a funeral, and that time my feyther and brother were among the dead. There was an explosion in the mine they worked in, and I was with the exploring party, and found them—not as they had found me, though, but lying side by side stone-dead. I took their bodies home to my mother myself. She had cried over me when I was saved; she was past crying over them: she followed them within a year. I knew by her face, as, without a tear in her eye or a sigh on her lips, she looked on their faces as they lay dead before her, that she had received her death-blow—and so it often is with those who lose their husbands and sons in the pits; the explosions or floodings that kill the men kill the women as surely, though more slow.

Folks talk o' seeing faces in the fire, but if they'd on'y seen what I've seen of the getting of the coal—the lives as well as money that it costs—they'd often see the faces of dead pitmen there. I do—the faces of a dead father and a dead brother and scores o' dead mates. Ay, and faces that are harder to look on e'en than those—the faces o' the wives waiting on the banks o' the pits that their husbands are prisoned in, either dead or alive; or hurrying from their homes with wild, scared looks, at the sound of an explosion; or looking on their dead, as they are brought to bank, or brought home.

When he was burying my mates, parson said that though we might all say that in the midst of life we were in death, it was more fully true of pitmen than any other class of men, and he never spoke truer words—a pitman faces death every working-hour of his life.

THE "MISTICK KREWE."

New Orleans is the only city in the United States where the carnival is celebrated with the true Old World jollity and spirit. The attempt to inaugurate similar festivities in Washington two years ago was a wretched failure, and the experiment has wisely been avoided in our Northern cities. This year New Orleans surpassed herself in gorgeous revelry. The whole city was given up to grotesque and absurd sport, and the festivities closed with a grand procession and masquerade ball on a more magnificent scale of foolery than was ever witnessed in that city before.

The procession, whimsically termed the "Mistick Krewe of Comus," represented in grotesque masquerade the "missing links" of the Darwinian theory of the origin of species, and was irresistibly laughable. It was followed by a grand ball at the St. Charles Theatre, in which these masqueraders took part. Previous to the dancing two striking tableaux were displayed on the stage. The first rising of the curtain revealed a scene at the bottom of the sea. On the smooth ocean floor the grotesque, the horrid, and the beautiful appeared in stranger contrast than they are ever revealed to the submarine diver. The Anemone's beautiful form was blossoming beside the Sponge; the snowy Coral reached upward with its branching arms from where the Alligator lay; the Snail was paying court to the glittering Periwinkle, the Dolphin was gamboling, the Crabs protesting, the Shark and Whale were holding council. It was a scene of universal subaqueous courtship. The Nettles were interchanging stinging kisses, and the Seal and Walrus, with other competitors, were suing in vain the lovely Mermaid. She, seated on a rock, just lifted waist-high above the tide, awaited a higher destiny, a better match.

When the curtain rose on the second tableau the Gorilla had just been crowned, and was seated on his throne under a dais, with Queen Chacona on his right, and Orang, the Premier, on his left. On either side of the broad ascent to the throne the animal and vegetable world were crowding toward the royal presence, each in the order of his rank, the "Toilers of the Sea" kneeling in loyal awe upon the pavement below. In the midst of the stair were three musicians—the Grasshopper with fiddle and bow, the Locust with his rattle, and the Beetle with his hammer. A pedestal on either hand bore the statuesque forms of the Baboon and the Marikina.

In front of the stage stood a regal figure, that of Comus himself, in "human form divine," presenting a startling contrast to the throng of "missing links" behind. For a moment the tableau was presented to the admiring gaze of the great audience, then the curtain descended, and the ball opened. It is this second tableau which is represented in our picture on page 244.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The business men of Eastport, Maine, have applied for the establishment of a signal station at that place for the purpose of obtaining information that will be of great service in connection with the fishing business, which constitutes its chief staple. A very important branch of trade has lately arisen there in what are called "frozen herring." These consist of the sea herring (*Clupea elongata*) of the largest size, which have recently been discovered in great abundance within a circle of twenty miles radius from the village. They are taken in gill-nets and frozen, and in that state shipped fresh to market, where they bring a good price, the value of the fishery up to the middle of January being estimated at twenty or thirty thousand dollars. In this instance it is of importance that a premonition of the weather be obtained as far in advance as possible, since if, during a cold snap, the weather become suddenly warm, it will be an intimation to close up operations, so as not to have a large stock of unsalable fish on hand; while, on the contrary, should cold weather be anticipated after a warm spell during the winter, the fishermen would be on the *qui vive* to make arrangements for taking the earliest advantage of the opportunity. It is also a matter of much moment for such of the boats as start off with their cargoes to market, as well as for those who depend on fishing out at sea on the outside fishing-grounds, to know something of the probabilities for the coming twenty-four or forty-eight hours. As the easternmost point of the United States, and one possessing this important trade, we trust that it will not be long before Eastport will be enrolled among the stations having a regular signal-office observer on duty.

Dr. Pouchet, a well-known French naturalist, died at Rouen on the 21st of December last, at the age of seventy-two, after a severe illness. This gentleman was distinguished for his researches in reference to the subject of spontaneous generation; and while his works have been warmly approved on the one hand, they have been stoutly opposed on the other. He was the author of numerous scientific works and memoirs, among them many that were greatly esteemed. In 1845 he obtained a prize of $2000 for a memoir on the theory of spontaneous evolution; and it is said that at the period of his death he had just completed an important treatise on birds, upon which he had been engaged for a considerable time.

Professor Huxley has been elected Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen by a considerable majority over the Marquis of Huntly, a satisfactory evidence of the estimation in which eminence in science is held by the younger minds in Scotland.

Lord Lindsay proposes proceeding to the Island of Mauritius for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus in 1874, having the following objects particularly in view: Observations of the internal contacts, to be worked out on the plans of Halley and Delisle; observations of the first external contact at the chromosphere, to be made with the spectroscope; photographic pictures; heliometric measures. For the longitude it is at present intended to use the transits of the moon with an altazimuth, made by Simms. The transit instrument is by Cooke, and has four inches aperture. Lord Lindsay has ordered a Foucault siderostat with sixteen-inch mirrors, and has obtained a thirteen-inch unsilvered mirror to fit the telescope to be taken out.

The infant hippopotamus, born at the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, London, on November 5, 1872, was, at the date of the last accounts, alive and flourishing. The Zoological Society has awarded its silver medal to Mr. A. D. Bartlett, the superintendent of the Gardens, in recognition of his skill in rearing it. A young rhinoceros (*R. sumatrensis*) has also been born recently on board a vessel in the Victoria Docks, London. There is said to be some chance of its coming to the United States.

The American Palestine Exploration Society has reached Syria, under the command of Lieutenant Steever, United States cavalry, and at last advices was fitting out at Beyrout, accompanied by Professor Paine, formerly of Robert College, Constantinople, and by other persons, with a view of taking the field early in March. An arrangement has been made with the British Palestine Exploration Society by which the whole country east of the Jordan, and embracing the old territories of Moab, Gilead, and Bashan, are to be relinquished exclusively to the American society, and it is expected that, abounding as it does with ancient ruins and excavations, objects of much interest will be brought to light. The expenses of the exploration are estimated at from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars, and it is to be hoped that, to the liberal contributions already made by gentlemen in New York, others may be added, so as to supply the necessary funds.

Part II. of papers relating to the transit of Venus in 1874 has just been published by the Navy Department, and is occupied principally by a series of charts and tables prepared by Mr. George W. Hill for facilitating the predictions of the several phases of the transit. It is accompanied by four charts representing the exterior and interior contact of both ingress and egress, full directions being given for using them.

A translation is being prepared in England of the most thorough text-book of botany in existence, Dr. Julius Sachs's *Lehrbuch der Botanik*. The Board of Studies of the Natural Science School at the University of Oxford, in their recent programme, recommended the book to candidates for degrees; and the delegates of the Clarendon Press of that university have acquired from Dr. Sachs the right of translation and the use of the numerous and excellent wood blocks. Mr. A. W. Bennett has undertaken for the university the translating and editing of the English work, which will probably become the standard publication on the subject.

Among the many instances in which American scientists have received appreciative honors from Europeans, perhaps none is more remarkable than the recent election, by the Royal Society of London, of four Americans to its list of foreign associates. This honor, which is perhaps the most distinguished that is known in the scientific world, has fallen simultaneously to Professor Newcomb of Washington Observatory, Professor Newton of Yale College, Mr. Rutherford of New York, and Professor Young of Dartmouth College. It has been happily said "that we have here a remarkable quartet of astronomers, each distinguished in an entirely different department of research—an encouraging symptom of the healthy condition of science in America."

For some time past the scientific men of Great Britain have been urging upon their government the propriety of instituting an arctic expedition, so as to compete in the race for discovery with America, Sweden, and other nations. A deputation of the Royal Geographical Society lately had an interview with Mr. Lowe and Mr. Goschen, and explained to them their views on the subject. Much to the disappointment of the society, they were not long since informed by Mr. Lowe that in view of the great expense of the *Challenger* expedition, which is likely to continue for three years to come, the government did not consider it expedient to undertake the labor of arctic search at present, especially as there is no urgency in the case to render it desirable to move this year rather than during a subsequent one. It is hoped, however, that this decision may be reconsidered, especially as it is expected that the Royal Society, which has hitherto kept aloof from the movement, and which is more especially the counselor of the government, may conclude to take part in it.

Professor James Orton, of Vassar College (author of *The Andes and the Amazon*), intends to return to South America in June, to resume his scientific explorations begun in 1867. In this expedition he proposes to ascend the Amazon to the Peruvian Andes, studying particularly the physical geography and geology of the country along the main river and the Madeira, and making careful observations with a standard barometer. He will make zoological and botanical collections, chiefly on the eastern slope of the Andes, or Montana, between the Huallaga and the Upper Marañon. Institutions or individuals desiring series of specimens from that little-explored region should communicate at once with Professor Orton.

During the summer of 1872 a difficulty arose in Great Britain between Mr. Ayrton, the First Commissioner of Works, and Dr. James D. Hooker, in reference to the management of the Kew Gardens, in which the question was agitated as to the propriety of maintaining a herbarium at Kew as well as one at the British Museum in London. Sir Richard Owen was almost the only scientific man in England who advocated the combination of the two collections by a transfer from Kew to London. Quite lately a memorial, signed by some of the most eminent men in Great Britain, has been presented to the Hon. W. E. Gladstone defending the position of Dr. Hooker, and endeavoring to show that the true interest of science requires the maintenance of a herbarium of dried specimens at Kew, as well as a collection of economical botany, for properly illustrating and elucidating the immense series of living plants in that world-renowned garden. They suggest that as the herbarium is the portion of a collection of natural history least costly to maintain, there can be no objection to keeping up the two series—one at Kew and the other in the British Museum, each having a different object in view.

Dr. Schliemann, a savant at present engaged in exploring what he supposes to be the site of ancient Troy, has written to Professor North, of Hamilton College, according to the *College Courant*, in reference to the characters given by the ancients to Minerva. He has reason to believe that up to a certain period of history this goddess was actually represented with the face of an owl, but that with the advance of civilization she received a human face, and her owl's head was transformed into a separate bird.

We learn that Captain Lull, in charge of the Nicaragua Canal survey, has already commenced the work of verifying the surveys of last year up the San Juan River, and across the lake to the Pacific. After accomplishing this part of his instructions he will proceed to Monkey Point, about fifty miles north of Greytown, from which new lines of surveys will be started across to the Pacific. At the latest advices the expedition was progressing as successfully as could be expected.

The attention of fish-culturists in Europe has lately been directed very extensively to the subject of raising hybrids between the different kinds of *Salmonidæ*, the favorite being a cross between the true salmon and the common trout. A large percentage of these hybrid eggs hatch out and develop into fish, which rapidly attain a large size and possess remarkable excellence of flesh. They have the very desirable characteristic of not wandering off to sea, but of remaining in the rivers during their lifetime, and of being in season throughout the year. What is most remarkable in this case is the fact that a number of them are actually fertile and capable of reproducing their kind; but the expense and trouble of obtaining a stock of hybrid eggs from parents of the two species are so trifling that direct crossing is generally resorted to.

We are not aware that the experiment of hybridizing *Salmonidæ* has yet been tried in the United States, but, from the great superiority of the brook trout of Eastern North America over the European, it is probable that an improved breed could readily be secured.

According to a recent table, 2,712,972 pounds of salmon were transported eastward over the Central and Union Pacific railroads during the year 1872.

During his explorations in Alaska last season, Mr. William H. Dall had the assistance, as astronomer, of Professor Harrington, of Ann Arbor. This gentleman having returned to Michigan, his place has been supplied by Mr. Marcus Baker, who leaves about the 15th of April next to join Mr. Dall in San Francisco.

In carefully discussing the observations made in the Mediterranean in 1871 on the *Shearwater*, Dr. Carpenter finds his former inferences—that the excess of carbonic acid and diminution of oxygen in these waters are incompatible with the full development of animal life—verified by the facts, this being mainly in consequence of the want of proper circulation, induced by the occurrence of a bar at the Straits of Gibraltar. He thinks that nearly the whole available oxygen has been converted into carbonic acid, so that, while the proportion of oxygen to carbonic acid is never less than one-third in the open sea, it is here no more than one-twelfth—a difference sufficient to account for the paucity of animal life on the deep bottom of the Mediterranean.

The dredgings carried on between Sicily and the coast of Africa furthermore showed that below a depth of 150 fathoms animal life was very scanty, and Dr. Carpenter is inclined to believe that in the Mediterranean the existence of animal life in any abundance at a greater depth than 200 fathoms will be found quite exceptional, in this respect presenting a striking contrast to the great variety of organizations found in the Eastern and Northern Atlantic at depths between 500 and 1200 fathoms.

An excellent opportunity for obtaining a valuable collection of minerals and fossils is furnished by the offer for sale of the celebrated Troost Cabinet, which, indeed, almost belongs to a former generation, having been packed away since the death of its collector at Nashville, Tennessee, a period of over twenty years. It was brought together at a time when rare and choice minerals were more easily obtained than at present, by Dr. Troost, who was at the time State Geologist of Tennessee, and succeeded in making up one of the finest series of minerals in this country.

The collection is at present in charge of Professor J. B. Lindsley, of Nashville, to whom communications on the subject are to be addressed.

Several of the newspapers have recently published, with little or no word of comment, and some with expressions of astonishment, an account of the Pavy expedition, and its supposed discoveries in Wrangell's Land. According to this announcement, the ship *Cadmus* had arrived in San Francisco with a dispatch from Mr. Pavy, and bringing the news that this gentleman, with several associate professors, had safely landed on Wrangell's Land, and, among other wonderful discoveries, had found the remains of immense herds of fossil elephants. Living arctic animals were also encountered in great abundance, together with myriads of birds. Mr. Pavy was preparing to winter at the 75th degree of north latitude, in the valley of the great river of the polar continent, and he felt certain of arriving, the beginning of next season, at a polar sea of moderate temperature, and of afterward reaching the Atlantic through Melville Strait. It is quite sufficient, in answer to this assertion, to say that, according to the best information, Mr. Pavy, although having occupied the current journals for a year or two with an account of his preparations, has not yet actually left San Francisco. The names of the gentlemen mentioned as his companions are, it is said, those of persons in San Francisco who gave him a dinner in that city many months ago in anticipation of his speedy departure.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Charles Lamb was never like any body else, and certainly nobody else was ever like Charles Lamb. It was he, of course (who else could it have been?), who replied to the complaint of his superior in the India House, that he came to his desk later in the morning than any other of the writers, by saying, "Yes, but, you see, I make it up by going away earlier in the evening." His good things were always so essentially his own that there is no possibility of mistaking their origin. No other man could have thought his thoughts or any thing like them. Nobody else would ever have thought of pitying our forefathers who lived before the time of candle-light because when they cracked a joke after dark they had to feel about for a smile, and handle their neighbors' cheeks to be sure that they understood it.

When is a man like a tea-kettle just on the boil?—When he is going to sing.

A Stock-in Trade—Hosiery.

A farmer who was sympathizing with a neighbor on the death of his son, said, "You should recollect, Neighbor Jones, there is no loss without some gain: John, you remember, was always a monstrous eater." "I know he was," responded the bereaved parent; "but to think he was laid up with rheumatism all the winter, and died just in haying time, is pretty rough."

Young folks grow most when in love. It increases their sighs wonderfully.

When deaf-mutes are married, two members of the wedding-party are sure to be unspeakably happy.

It is told of a young gentleman, whom a maiden liked but father didn't, that at a reasonable hour the old gent mildly intimated that the time for retiring had arrived. "I think you are correct, my dear Sir," answered nineteenth century, modestly; "we have been waiting over an hour for you to put yourself in your little bed." The father retired thoughtfully.

Why is a ballet-dancer a most inhuman creature?—Because her greatest delight is to execute her *grand pas*.

A physician living in Kansas was badly hurt the other day by the caving in of a well upon him. He should have attended to the sick and let the well alone.

Can people who listen at key-holes be said to go private hearing?

Brogue Anns come from Ireland.

His Holiness is reported to remark the reason why an ordinance of the Church doesn't have much effect in a Swiss district is because one is a can-on and the other a cant-on.

To gain Time—Steal a watch.

"Where are you going?" asked a little boy of another, who had slipped on an icy pavement. "Going to get up!" was the blunt reply.

The best Color for Faces—Water-color.

Can a gay spiritualist be called a happy medium?

Dies are engraved now. In Cæsar's time the die was cast.

A man whom Dr. Chalmers engaged to manage a disorderly Sunday-school kept his eyes wide open during praying, and when one boy thrust a pin into another he marched up the aisle, still praying, and cuffed that boy's ears, and went back again, praying all the way. After that he was master of the situation, for the boys thought that a man who could watch and pray like that could not be put down.

To avoid Corpulence—Quit eating.

Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge?—Because it must be ground before it is used.

True to the Last—The shoe-maker.

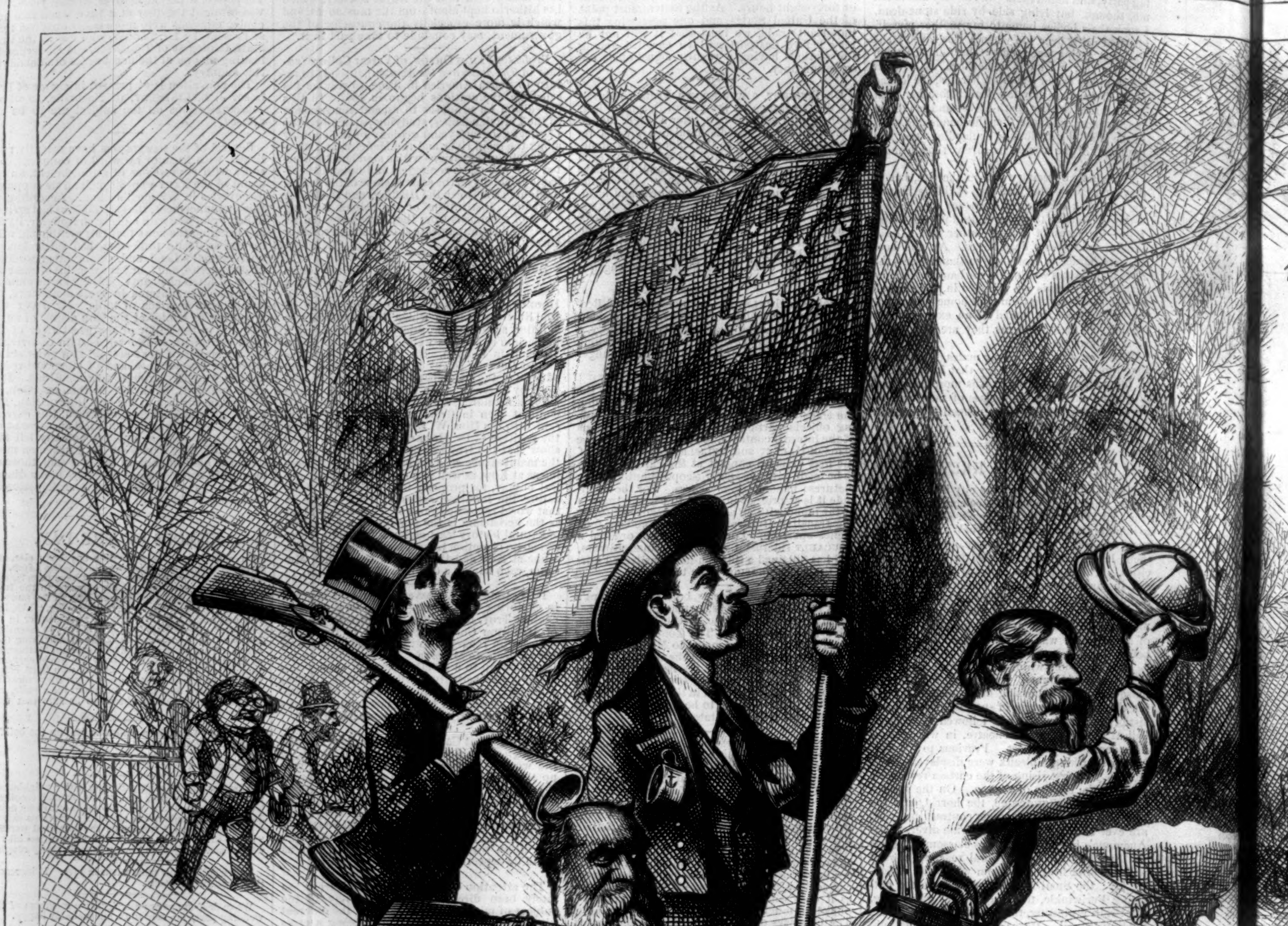
The man who wrote to the State Board of Agriculture to ascertain what was best to plant in wet land was favorably impressed by the answer. It was "Leaks."

Field Exercise—Plowing.

"If all the world were blind," said an Irish clergyman, "what a melancholy sight it would be!"

True to the Core—A good apple.

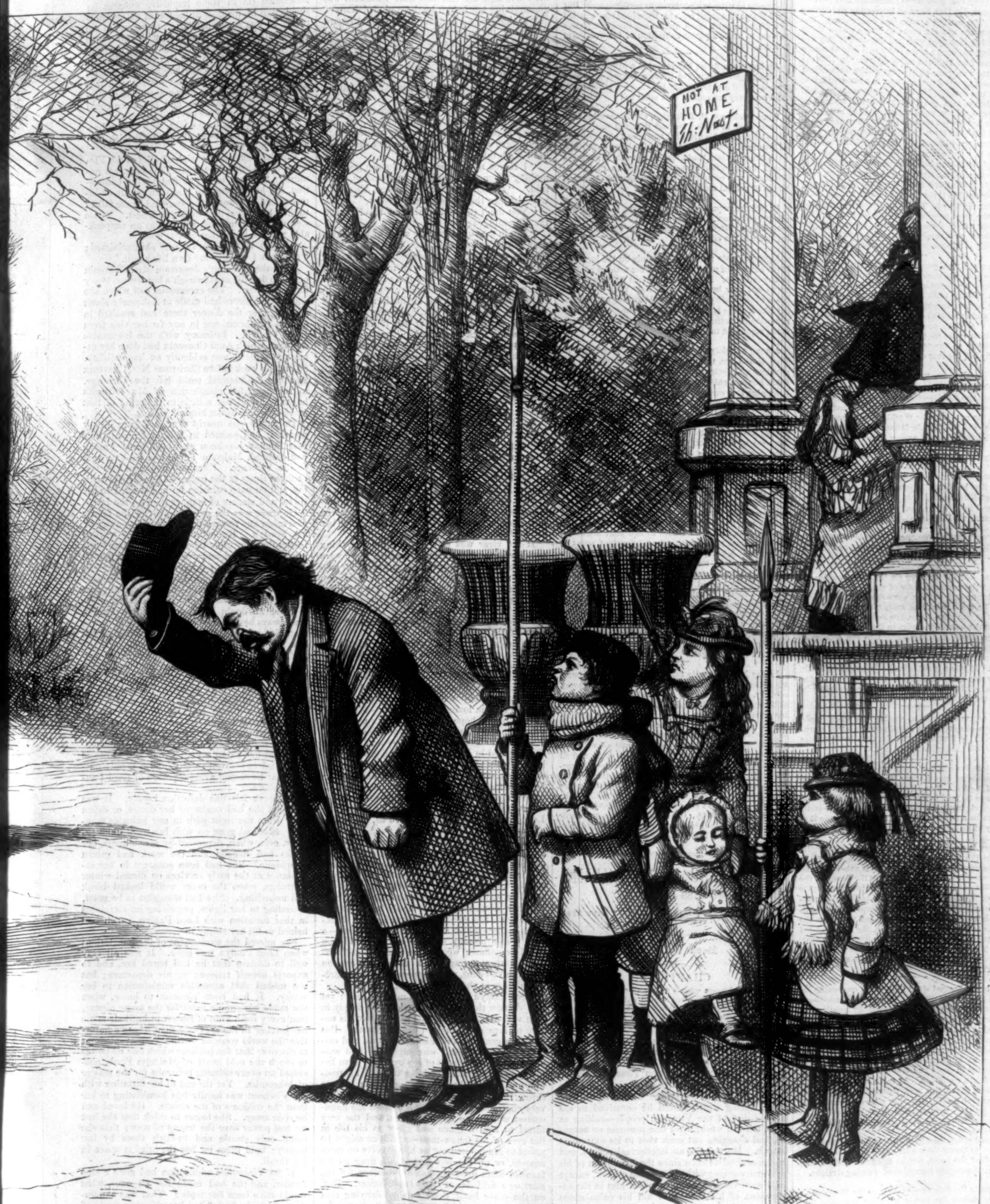
The following conversation between two clever lawyers was overheard: "How does your client like it?" "Not overmuch; begins to complain of the expense." "Mine is all right, bound to fight it out. Can we manage to get the jury to disagree again?" "Don't know; we must work for it." "You get beat, of course, in the end; but you'll appeal, of course?" "Of course."



THE MEETING OF NAST AND WATTERS IN C

"Mr. WATTERSON was so much overcome with joy at the sight of NAST that he felt strongly impelled to rush forward and throw his arms about the neck of the man whom he had traveled so far to find. 'The effort of restraint,' says Mr. WATTERSON, 'at that supreme moment of my journey, was positively painful; but in presence of those who certainly would have been unsympathetic, and possibly might have been

ho
str
lon



IN CENTRAL JERSEY.—[DRAWN ON THE SPOT.]

hostile, the restraint was essential.' Then the Kentuckian advanced and saluted the adventurous Jerseyman. 'NAST, I presume?' The artistic stranger replied, simply, 'Yes;' but the more effusive Kentuckian exclaimed, 'Thank goodness that I have been permitted to see you!' The long-lost artist calmly rejoined, 'It is quite a wonderful event.'"—*Correspondence Louisville Courier-Journal.*

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Successive changes in postage on letters, which have been made by our government since the first postage act was passed in 1782, form an interesting and curious history. The earliest system was complicated. The lowest postage was six cents to places within thirty miles, and it increased with the distance, twenty-five cents being required when a letter was sent to places more than four hundred miles distant. In 1790 the lowest rate was made eight cents within forty miles; the highest, twenty-five cents, over five hundred miles. The law was simplified in 1816, but six cents was still the minimum rate, and twenty-five the maximum. No material change was then made until 1845, when five cents became the postage for letters carried a distance of less than three hundred miles, and ten cents for all greater distances. The "drop-letter" system was also then introduced, and weight was made the ground of distinction between "single" and "double" letters, instead of the number of sheets of paper. The law of 1851 made three cents the single rate for prepaid letters within three thousand miles, and six cents for greater distances. Prepayment was first required in 1855, the rates remaining unchanged; but in 1863 the present rate of three cents, prepaid by stamps, for all distances, was established. The postal revenue has steadily increased from year to year since 1851.

If American recklessness and Austrian caution in regard to railroads should be mixed up together, the result might be advantageous to both countries. An Austrian railway train having come to a stand-still not long ago, a passenger put his head out of the window and demanded of the guard what they were stopping for. The man pointed in the distance to several black spots on the rails, saying, "There are some pelicans on the track, and we are waiting for them to fly off, for fear of an accident." Such is the story.

An exchange suggests that collections be taken up in churches and Sunday-schools, and every where else, for the purpose of completing the unfinished monuments of the country—the Washington Monument at the capital and the Lincoln Monument at Springfield, Illinois, being prominent among these.

Lord Lytton's will gave special directions as to the examination of his body, in order to provide against the possibility of his being buried while in a trance; directed that he should be interred in the family mausoleum at Knebworth, that his funeral should be modest and inexpensive, and that any epitaph should be written in the English language.

Rumor says that a large opera-house is to be built in Washington, on New York Avenue, near the Treasury Building.

A recent London lecturer on the human voice referred to "the common error of considering that the voices of men and women were the same, an octave apart. The truth was," he said, "that our Creator had given us one great voice, the lowest part of which belongs to the basses, the next to the tenors, the next to the contraltos, and the highest to the sopranos. The voices of tenors and contraltos, for example, on identical notes, could not be distinguished one from the other. It was a great mistake in tenors to think there was any thing unmanly in the falsetto, and for contraltos to think there was any thing unwomanly in the chest voice."

France seems to highly appreciate the postal cards which have recently been introduced into that country. During the first ten days after their issue no less than 7,412,000 were sold.

Broadcloth is denounced by a recent lecturer before the graduates of the Buffalo Medical College as an enemy of health. Too thin to be warm in winter, too black to be cool in summer, too fragile in texture to admit of vigorous exercise in the wearers, too easily injured to be a convenient covering, he regards it as decidedly unsuitable for a national costume.

Chiccory is said to contain properties positively injurious to the health. Yet ground coffee, as sold by grocers, is usually adulterated with this substance, and many persons insist that it improves the flavor of the coffee. We are informed in a recent work on coffee that the coffee dealer adulterates his coffee with chiccory to increase his profits; the chiccory dealer adulterates his chiccory with Venetian-red to please the eye of the coffee dealer; and lastly, the Venetian-red manufacturer grinds up his color with brick-dust, that by his greater cheapness, and the variety of shades he offers, he may secure the patronage of the trade in chiccory!

Times have changed since 1624, when on issuing invitations to a public dinner it was deemed necessary to lay down "rules to be observed by gentlemen" present on the occasion. Old records bring to light the fact that in 1624 those officers who were invited to dine with the Archduke of Austria were instructed by a circular of the royal chamberlain how to conduct themselves at table. They were directed to come neatly dressed in coats and boots, and not to enter in a half-drunken condition. At table they were not to tilt up their chairs, nor rock themselves, nor stretch their legs at full length, nor drink after each mouthful, lest they get tipsy too soon, nor empty their goblets to the extent of more than one-half after each dish, and before drinking therefrom they should wipe their mouths and mustaches in a cleanly manner; neither were they to thrust their hands into dishes, or throw bones under the table, nor to fall from their chairs and make themselves incapable of walking straight.

A writer in the February number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* makes the rather startling assertion that London is likely to be in 1973 a city of at least thirteen millions of inhabitants. This estimate is based upon the increase of the ten years from 1861 to 1871. The writer remarks: "Thirteen millions a hundred years hence is a very low estimate for the population of London, and I can imagine nothing short of irretrievable national calamity, or a complete and wholly unlooked for revolution in the conditions of civilization in this part of the world, that can prevent the realization of that estimate."

Ten or fifteen years ago Paul Morphy had won the honor of being the best chess-player in the world—a perfect master of the game. Not only in our own country did his skill challenge universal admiration, but in England and France unbounded praise was accorded to him. Modest in demeanor, he received all honors bestowed upon him with unassuming courtesy. One of his most wonderful feats was that of playing eight games at the same time while blindfolded. This was performed at the Café de la Regence, in Paris, whither noted men were drawn from all parts of the Continent to witness his marvelous performances. But Paul Morphy returned from his triumphal tour wearied and disgusted with chess, and he has since steadfastly refused to make a public exhibition of his wonderful powers.

An ingenious Swiss has invented a pistol that can be discharged twenty-five times a minute, and warranted to kill a person every time!—so it is reported. And how very convenient that must be!

Some weeks ago M. Heindrich, chief executioner of France, died in Paris. He had gathered during the years devoted to his dreadful business a ghastly array of pictures illustrating capital punishment—gibbets, guillotines, crosses, and every imaginable illustration—and the collection is soon to be sold in Paris. M. Heindrich was of opinion that the Spanish *garrote* is the most painful mode of execution.

In 1842 the population of Alexandria, in Egypt, was about 60,000, now it is nearly 300,000. This growth is remarkable. Great improvements are constantly being made in the city.

A general taste for art is certainly on the increase, if the amount of money expended for articles of virtu is any criterion. It is estimated that $2,500,000 were spent last year by residents of New York and other cities of the United States for oil-paintings and statuary alone, these being mostly from Europe. The importation of pictures for private galleries in New York alone amounted to over $1,000,000.

Among a variety of "popular errors" mentioned in *Good Health* are, thinking that the more one eats the stronger and fatter he will become, believing that the more hours a child studies the faster he will learn, imagining that every hour taken from sleep is so much gained, and concluding that because exercise is good, the more violent it is the better.

Coal has been found to be abundant in the neighborhood of Shanghai, China. The Celestials, however, don't approve of foreigners working the mines.

A case of some importance was brought before one of the judicial tribunals in Maine not long ago, but it was most unreasonably protracted, and the judge became thoroughly wearied. In the midst of a lengthy argument one of the lawyers was much disturbed by noting that the judge sat with closed eyes. He raised his voice and said, "I desire to call your attention, may it please your honor, to an important point in this case." A heavy breathing, a sonorous snore, were the only judicial response. The lawyer approached nearer the Court, and raising his voice to an excruciating key, repeated his remark, "May it please the Court, I desire to call your honor's attention to an important point in this case."

The judge aroused himself, rubbed his eyes, and, before he had them open, cried out, "Wife, wife, isn't it most breakfast-time?" He subsequently apologized by saying he was apt to be a little abstracted when engaged in deep thought.

In the Massachusetts State-prison there is a young man who is serving out a life sentence for highway robbery. He is evidently gifted with unusual artistic skill, which, if his life had not been made a failure by his own wrong-doing, would have rendered him famous. He spends his brief hour of leisure each day in drawing, and is now engaged in making an illustrated copy of Gray's *Elegy*, printing and all, with pen and brush. The title page is exquisitely done, and all the illustrations are as nicely finished as steel engravings. He seems to have fully appreciated the spirit of the poem. He has been about eight months upon this work; but in answer to the inquiry of a visitor he mournfully said, "I can only work at it about an hour and a half each day. If I could but give my whole time to it—" And he turned away to his daily drudgery. What a pity that such talents should have been perverted!

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book the First.

CHAPTER X.

> "Who knows what's fit for us? Had fate
> Proposed bliss here should sublimate
> My being—had I signed the bond—
> Still one must lead some life beyond,
> Have a bliss to die with, dim-descried."

Whether Lord Paulyn's attentions were indeed meaningless, or whether serious intentions tending toward matrimony lurked behind them, was a question whose solution Time, the revealer of all secrets, did not hasten to afford. The Viscount spent about three weeks in Devonshire, during which period he contrived to see a good deal of the Vicarage people—calling at least twice a week, upon one pretense or another, and dragging out each visit to its extremest length. He was not an intellectual person, and had contrived to exist since the conclusion of his university career without opening a book, except only such volumes as could assist him in the supervision of his stables, or aid his calculations as a speculator on the turf. His conversation was therefore in no manner enlivened or adorned by the wit and wisdom of others; but he had a little stock of anecdotes and reminiscences of his career in the fashionable world, and of the "fellows" he had encountered there, wherewith to entertain his hearers. He had also a yacht, called the *Leprachaun*, whose performances were a source of interest to him, and which afforded an occasional variety to his stable-talk. In fact, he made himself so agreeable in a general way, during his visits to the Vicarage, that Mrs. Chevenix pronounced him the most entertaining and original young man it had ever been her good fortune to encounter.

Elizabeth was not always at home when he called, but he contrived to spin out his visit until her return—an endeavor in which he was much assisted by Mrs. Chevenix, who took care to acquaint him with her disapproval of this parish work, and her fear that dear Elizabeth was undermining her health by these pious labors.

"If she were an ordinary girl I should regard the thing in quite another light," said Aunt Chevenix; "but Elizabeth is not an ordinary girl"—an opinion in which the Viscount concurred with enthusiasm.

"It's all that curate's doing," he said. "Why don't you use your influence against that fellow, Mrs. Chevenix?"

"Oh, you're jealous of the curate, are you?" thought the matron; "then, perhaps, we can bring you on a little faster by that means."

She gave a plaintive little sigh, and shook her head doubtfully.

"I regret to say that my influence goes for nothing when Mr. Forde is in question," she said. "He has contrived to impress Elizabeth with the idea that he is a kind of saint."

"You don't think she cares for him?" asked the Viscount, eagerly.

"Not in the vulgar worldly sense of the words, dear Lord Paulyn," said Mrs. Chevenix; "but she has a sensitive, impressionable nature, and he has contrived to exercise an influence which sometimes alarms me. She is a girl who would hardly astonish me if she were to go over to Rome, and immure herself for life in a convent."

"That would be a pity," said the Viscount, "and it would be a greater pity if she were to marry some stick of a curate;" but he did not commit himself to any stronger expression than this, and he left Devonshire without making Elizabeth Luttrell an offer—a fact which gave rise to a few sisterly sarcasms on the part of Gertrude and Diana. Blanche was more good-natured, and was really desirous of having a nobleman for her brother-in-law.

But before he departed from his native place Lord Paulyn dined two or three times at the Vicarage, having hung about late in the afternoon in such a manner as to invite Mr. Luttrell's hospitality. "I don't much wonder that he shirks his mother's dinners," remarked that short-sighted incumbent; nor did he see any special cause for self-gratulation when the Viscount spent his evenings in hanging over the piano while Elizabeth sang, or in teaching her the profounder theories of écarté.

If the vicar was slow to perceive any thing peculiar in this gentleman's conduct, there were plenty of more acute observers in Hawleigh who kept a record of his movements, and told each other over afternoon tea-cups that Lord Paulyn must be smitten by one of the Vicarage girls. Before the young man had left the neighborhood this rumor had reached the ears of Malcolm Forde.

He heard this scrap of gossip with a little bitter smile, remembering the Sunday luncheon at the Vicarage, and to whom the Viscount's attention had been exclusively given.

"I am hardly sorry for it," he said to himself. "God knows that I have fought against my own folly in loving her so dearly—loving her with no higher hope or thought than a passionate delight in her beauty, a blind worship of herself, a sinful indulgence for her very faults, which have seemed in her so many additional charms; knowing her all the while to be the last of women to help me on in the path that I have chosen for myself, the very woman to hold me backward, to keep me down by the dead-weight of her worldliness. I shall have reason to be grateful to Lord Paulyn if he comes between us, and makes a sudden end of my madness."

Yet, with a curious inconsistency, when the curate met Elizabeth in one of the cottages, he saluted her with so gloomy a brow and so cold an air that the girl went home miserable, wondering how she had offended him. That he could be jealous was an idea that never entered into her mind, for she had never hoped that he loved her. She went home that afternoon thinking him the coldest and hardest of mankind—a man whose gloomy soul no act of submission could conciliate: went home and avenged herself for that outrage by a desperate flirtation with the Viscount, who happened to eat his farewell dinner at the Vicarage that evening.

Lord Paulyn departed and made no sign; yet it is certain that he left Hawleigh as deeply in love with Elizabeth Luttrell as it was in his nature to love any woman upon this earth. But he was a gentleman of a somewhat cold and calculating temper, and was supported and sustained in all the events of life by a very firm belief in his own merits and the value of his position and surroundings. He was not a man to throw himself away lightly. Elizabeth was a very charming girl, and in his opinion the handsomest woman he had ever seen, and the very fittest to lend a grace and glory to his life in the eyes of his fellow-men—a wife he might be proud to see pointed out as his property on race-courses, or on the box-seat of his drag as his favorite team drew themselves together for the start on a field-day at Hyde Park Corner. But, on the other hand, there was no denying that such a match would be a very paltry alliance for him to make, bringing him neither advantageous connections nor addition to his fortune; and if on sober reflection, at a distance from the object of his passion, he found that he could live without Elizabeth Luttrell, why, he might have reason to congratulate himself upon his judicious withdrawal from that too delightful society.

"Mind [illegible] expect to see you in town early in the season," he said to Elizabeth, when making his adieux—a speech which he felt committed him to nothing.

"You mustn't forget your promise to show us the university boat-race," said Mrs. Chevenix, with her vivacious air.

She felt not a little disappointed that nothing more decisive had come of the young man's admiration—that he should be able thus to tear himself away unfettered and uncompromised. She had fondly hoped that he would linger on at Ashcombe till in some impulsive moment he should cast his fortunes at the feet of his enchantress. It was somewhat bitter, therefore, to see him depart in this cool manner, with only vague anticipations of possible meetings during the London season. Mrs. Chevenix was very well aware of a fact which the Viscount pretended to ignore, namely, that her set was not his set, and that it was only by means of happy accidents or diplomatic struggles that she and her niece could hope to meet him in society.

"But he will call, no doubt," she said to herself, having taken especial care to furnish him with her address.

Elizabeth gave a great sigh of relief as the Vicarage door closed for the last time upon her admirer. She had been gratified by his admiration, she had listened to him with an air of interest, had brightened and sparkled as she talked to him, but it was dull work at the best. There was no real sympathy, and it was an unspeakable relief to know that he was gone.

"Thank Heaven that's over!" she exclaimed; "and now I can live my own life again."

After the Viscount's departure Mrs. Chevenix began to find life at Hawleigh a burden too heavy for her to bear. The ceremonial call which she and her two nieces had made at Ashcombe about a week after the dinner there had resulted in no new invitation, nor in any farther visit from Lady Paulyn. Intimacy with the inexorable dowager, which Aunt Chevenix had done her utmost to achieve, was evidently an impossibility. So about a week before Christmas Mrs. Chevenix and her confidential maid left the Vicarage, to the heart-felt satisfaction of Mr. Luttrell's household, and not a little to the relief of that hospitable gentleman himself.

December was nearly over. A long dreary month it had seemed to Elizabeth; and since that Sunday luncheon at which Lord Paulyn had assisted, Malcolm Forde had paid no visit to the Vicarage. Elizabeth had seen him two or three times in the course of her district visiting, and on each occasion he had seemed to her colder and sterner of manner than on the last.

Gertrude was the only member of the family who made any remark upon this falling-away of Mr. Forde's. The vicar knew that he worked harder than any other laborer who had ever come into that vineyard, and was not surprised that he should lack leisure for morning calls; nor had he ever been a frequent visitor at the Vicarage. But Gertrude remarked, with an injured air, that of late he had ceased from calling altogether.

"I've no doubt he heard that Lord Paulyn was always here," she observed; "and of course that kind of society would not be likely to suit him."

"I can't see that papa's curates have any right to select our society for us," exclaimed Blanche, firing up at this. "Lord Paulyn was no particular favorite of mine, for he used to take about as much notice of me as if I were a chair or a table; and Mr. Forde is always nice; but still I can't see that he has any right to object to our visitors."

"No one spoke of such a right, Blanche," answered her eldest sister; "but Mr. Forde is free to select his own society, and it is only natural that he should avoid a person of Lord Paulyn's calibre."

Elizabeth felt this defection keenly. It was not as if she had neglected her duties, or fallen away from the right path in any palpable manner. She had gone on with her work unflinchingly, even when, depressed by *his* coldness, her spirits had flagged and the work had grown wearisome. She had been constant in her attendance at the early services on dismal winter mornings, when the outer world looked bleak and uninviting. She had struggled to be good, according to her lights, perceiving no sinfulness in that flirtation with Lord Paulyn, which had helped to fill her empty life.

She missed the excitement of these flirtations when Lord Paulyn was gone. It was all very well to declare that he had bored her, and to express herself relieved by his departure; but she missed that agreeable ministration to her vanity. It had been pleasant to know, when she made her simple toilet for the home dinner, that every fresh knot of ribbon in her hair made her lovelier in the eyes of a man whose admiration the world counted worth winning—pleasant to discover that fascinations which had no power to touch the cold heart of Malcolm Forde possessed an overwhelming influence for the master of Ashcombe. Yet the end of her flirtation with the Viscount was hardly less humiliating to her than the coldness of the curate. He loved and he rode away. She began to think that she had no real power over the hearts of men; that she could only startle and bewitch them by her beauty; hold them for but the briefest space in her thrall.

If the Viscount's admiration had gone a step farther, and he had made her an offer, what would have been her reply? That was a question which she had asked herself many times of late, and for which she could find no satisfactory answer. The prospect was almost too dazzling for her to contemplate with a steady gaze. Had not a brilliant marriage been the dream of her girlhood?—a vision first evoked by some prophetic utterances of Aunt Chevenix, when Elizabeth was only a tall slip of a girl in a pinafore practicing major and minor scales on a battered old piano in the school-room. She had dreamed of horses and carriages, and opera-boxes and country-seats, from the hour when she first learned the value of her growing loveliness from that worldly teacher. All that was basest in her nature—her ignorant yearning for splendor and pleasure, her belief in her divine right to be prosperous and happy—had been fostered, half unconsciously perhaps, by Aunt Chevenix. Mrs. Luttrell was the weakest and simplest of women, and had always referred to her sister-in-law as the very oracle of social existence, and had fondly believed in that lady as a leader of London fashion to her dying day. There had been no home influence in the Vicarage household to counteract the Chevenix influence, and although Elizabeth took a pride in defying her aunt upon occasions, she was not the less her faithful disciple.

Could she have refused such an offer from Lord Paulyn? Could she of her own free-will have put aside at once and forever—since two such chances would hardly come in her obscure life—all the delights and triumphs of this world, all the pleasures she had dreamed of? It hardly seemed possible that she could have been so heroic as to say no. It was very certain, on the other hand, that she did not care for Reginald Paulyn, that his handsome face had no charm for her, that the lingering clasp of his strong hand sent no thrill to her heart, that his society after the first half hour became a bore to her. It was quite as certain that there was another man whose coldest look quickened the beating of her heart, whose lightest touch had a magical influence; for whose sake poverty would seem no hardship, obscurity no affliction; by whose side she could have felt herself strong enough to make life's pilgrimage over ever so thorny a road.

"I could hardly have been so demented as to refuse him," she thought, remembering that this one man for whom she could have so cheerfully sacrificed all her visions of earthly glory had no desire to profit by her self-abnegation.

Christmas was close at hand, and the Luttrell girls were busy from morning till evening with the decoration of the two churches; but Elizabeth performed her share of this labor with a somewhat listless air, and did a good deal more looking on than Gertrude or Diana approved of. She was beginning to be very tired of her work, tired even of her poor people, despite their affection for her. It seemed altogether such a dreary business, uncheered by Mr. Forde's counsel or approbation; not that he would have withheld his counsel, had she taken the trouble to ask for it, but she could not bring herself to do that. She remembered that October day in the Vicarage garden when they had walked together over the fallen leaves, while autumn winds moaned dismally, and autumn clouds obscured the sun—that day when they had seemed so near to each other, and when the dull gray world had been lighted with that light that never was on sea or shore—the light of a great joy. What would she not have done for his sake, if he had only taken the trouble to order her! If he had been a Redemptorist Father, and had presented her with a cat-o'-nine-tails wherewith to go and scourge herself, she would have taken the whip from him with a smile, and departed cheerfully to do his bidding. But he asked no more from her than from any other member of that little band of ladies who helped him in the care of his poor, and he distinguished her from that little band only by his peculiar coldness.

She flung down her garland of ivy and holly with an impatient air, in the midst of a little cluster of ladies working busily in the vestry of St. Clement's, the decorations whereof were but half completed.

"I shall do no more," she said; "my fingers ache and smart horribly. I am tired of the whole business—tired of parish work altogether."

Miss Melvin looked up at her friend wonderingly, with her meek blue eyes.

"Why, Lizzie, I'm surprised to hear you say that," she exclaimed. "Mr. Forde says you are the very best of his district visitors, because you are sympathetic, and the poor people understand you."

"I feel very much honored by his praise," said Elizabeth, with a scornful little laugh; "but as he has never taken the trouble to give me the slightest encouragement of late, I begin to find the work a little disheartening."

"Elizabeth has an insatiable appetite for praise," remarked Gertrude; "and I dare say she has been not a little spoiled by Lord Paulyn's absurd flatteries."

"You have been rather fortunate in escaping that kind of contamination, Gerty," replied Elizabeth, whose temper was by no means at its best on this particular Christmas-eve; "but I assure you it is rather nice to have a viscount for one's slave."

"Even when his bondage sits so lightly that he is able to shake it off at any moment," said Gertrude. To which Elizabeth would have no doubt replied, but for the sound of a firm tread upon the stone threshold, and the sudden opening of the door, which had been left ajar by the busy workers.

It was Mr. Forde on his round of inspection. Elizabeth wondered whether he had overheard that shallow, unladylike talk about Lord Paulyn. She picked up her unfinished garland, and set to work again hurriedly, glad of any excuse for hiding her face from his cold gaze.

He did not stop long in the vestry, only long enough for a general good-morning and a few questions about the decorations; nor did he address one word to Elizabeth Luttrell. Her face was still bent over her work, and the wounded fingers were moving busily, when she heard the door shut behind him, and his departing footstep on the pavement of the church.

He had come to the vestry door just in time to hear Elizabeth's flippant speech about Lord Paulyn—a speech which to his mind seemed to reveal the utter shallowness and worthlessness of the woman he had suffered himself to love.

"And yet she has been able to cheat me into a belief in the latent nobility of her nature; she has been able to bewilder my reason, as she has bewitched my heart," he said to himself, as he walked slowly down the quiet aisle, and out into the bleak church-yard—"as she has distracted me from better thoughts and higher hopes, and has been an evil influence in my life from the first fatal hour in which I let her creep into my heart."

Even the vicar's friendly invitation for Christmas-day was rejected by Mr. Forde. He would have been very happy to join that agreeable circle, he wrote, but it was a pleasure which he felt it safer to deny himself. The services on that day were numerous; there were sick people he had promised to see in the course of the day, and he should hardly have time for any thing else, and so on. He spent his day between the two churches and those sick-rooms, and his night in solitary reading and meditation; trying to lift his soul to that higher level whither it had been wont to soar before an earthly passion clogged its wings.

That he would, so far as it was possible to him in his position as Mr. Luttrell's curate, renounce and abjure the society of Mr. Luttrell's daughter was a resolution that he had arrived at very promptly on hearing the town-talk about Lord Paulyn's frequent visits at the Vicarage.

"I will not trust myself near her," he said to himself. "She has deceived me in the past, and would deceive me again in the future. I have no power to resist her witchery, except by separating myself from her forever."

He was just strong enough to do this; he had just sufficient force of will to avoid the siren. Knowing the houses in which she was most likely to be found, her customary hours, the way she took in her walks—knowing almost every detail of her daily life, and how easy it would be for him to meet her—not once did he swerve from the rigid line which he had marked out for his conduct; he saw the familiar figure in the distance sometimes, and never quickened his step to overtake it; he heard that she was expected in a cottage where he was visiting, and hurried his departure straightway rather than run the hazard of meeting her. But it is hardly by these means that a man learns to forget the woman he loves. It is a kind of schooling that is apt to end another way. Perhaps no man ever yet forgot by trying to forget; but he is on the highway to forgetfulness when he tries to remember.

A poison had entered into Malcolm Forde's life. That sacred calling which demands the service of a heart uncorrupted by earthly passions began to weigh upon him like a bondage. It was not that he was in any manner weary of his office, but rather that he began to feel himself unfitted for it. A deadly sense of monotony crept into his mind. He began to doubt his powers of usefulness; to fancy that his career at Hawleigh was like the round of a horse in a mill, grinding on forever, and tending toward no higher result than that common daily bread. The natural result of these languors—these painful doubts of his own worthiness—was to turn his thoughts in that direction whither they had turned not unfrequently in the days when he had been better contented with his lot. He began to think more seriously than ever upon that missionary life which comes nearer to the apostolic form of service than the smooth pastures of the church at home. He collected all the information he could obtain upon this subject; wrote to men who had the work at heart, and who knew where a worker of his stamp was most wanted.

"I have a vigorous constitution," he wrote to one of his correspondents, "and have hardly ever known a day's illness. I am therefore not afraid of climate; and if I *do* finally determine to go, I should wish to go where such labor as I can give would be of real value; where a weaker man might be unfit for the ordeal, incapable of facing difficulties and dangers which I feel myself qualified to cope with and overcome. Do not think that I am boasting of my strength; I only wish to remind you that my former profession has in some measure inured me to peril and hardship, and that I should be glad to be able to employ some of that military spirit still inherent in my composition in the nobler service to which it is now my privilege to belong. I want to feel myself a soldier and servant of Christ's church militant here on earth, in every sense of the word; and I do not in my present mood find the work of a rural parish adequate for the satisfaction of this desire."

CHAPTER XI.

> "'Tis the pest
> Of love that fairest joys give most unrest;
> That things of delicate and tenderest worth
> Are swallowed all, and made a seared dearth,
> By one consuming flame: it doth immerse
> And suffocate true blessings in a curse.
> Half happy, by comparison of bliss,
> Is miserable."

THAT Christmas at Hawleigh was not a peculiarly festive season. Mr. Luttrell being happily rid of his sister, was indisposed for farther society, preferring to bask in the genial glow of his hearth untrammeled by the duties of hospitality. So the Luttrell girls sat round the fire on Christmas evening in a dismal circle, while their father, silent and motionless as the sculptured figure of some household god, slumbered peacefully in his easy-chair behind the banner screen that had shaded the fair features of Aunt Chevenix.

"I really do wish that boy-baby had lived," exclaimed Blanche, after a long silence, alluding to an infant scion of the house of Luttrell which had perished untimely. "Of course I know he'd have been a nuisance to us all—brothers always are—but still he'd have been something. He must have imparted a little variety to the tenor of our miserable lives. Papa would have been obliged to send him to Oxford or Cambridge, where he would have got into debt for shirt studs and meerschaum pipes and things, no doubt; but he would have brought home nice young men, perhaps, in the long vacation, and that would be some amusement. He might have touted for papa in a gentlemanly way, and brought home young men for him to coach."

"Blanche," exclaimed Gertrude, "you positively grow more revoltingly vulgar in your ideas every day."

"Let the poor child talk," cried Diana, with a stifled yawn. "I wonder she has spirit enough left to be vulgar; any invertebrate creature can be lady-like, but vulgarity requires a certain amount of animal spirits, and I am sure such a miserable Christmas as this is a damper for any one's vivacity."

Elizabeth said nothing. She sat on a low seat opposite the fire, motionless as her slumbering father, but with her great dark eyes wide open, gazing dreamily at the smouldering log which dropped its white ashes slowly and silently into a deep chasm of dull red coal. She had sat thus for the last half hour, thinking her own thoughts, and taking no part in her sisters' desultory snatches of talk.

"'She sat like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief,'" exclaimed Diana presently, exasperated by this silence. "Upon my word, Lizzie, you are not the best company for a winter's night by the fire."

"I do not pretend to be good company," replied Elizabeth, coolly.

"How different it would be if Lord Paulyn were here!" said Diana, whose temper had been somewhat soured by the dreariness of that long evening: "then you would be all smiles and bewitchment."

"I should do my best to entertain a visitor, of course. I do not consider myself bound to entertain you."

"Poor Lizzie," murmured Diana, with an insolent air of compassion. "We ought not to be hard upon you. It is rather a trial for any girl to have a coronet dangled before her eyes in that tantalizing manner, and nothing to come of her conquest after all!"

"Do you mean to say that I ever angled for Lord Paulyn," cried Elizabeth, with a sudden flash of scornful anger, "or that I could not have him if I chose?"

"I mean to say," replied Diana, in a provokingly deliberate manner, "that you and Aunt Chevenix tried your very hardest to catch him, and did not succeed. Perhaps you look forward to seeing him in London, and subjugating him there; but I fancy that if a woman can not bring an admirer to her feet in the first flush of her conquest, she is hardly likely to bring him there later. He has time for reflection and distraction, you see; and a man who has sufficient prudence to keep himself uncommitted as cleverly as Lord Paulyn did would be the very man to cure himself of a foolish infatuation. I don't mean to say any thing offensive, but of course a marriage with one of us would be a very disadvantageous alliance for a man in his position."

"You are extremely wise, my dear Di, and have acquired your wisdom in the bitter school of experience. But I doubt if you are quite infallible; and to show you that I am ready to back my opinion, as Lord Paulyn says, I will bet you poor dear mamma's pearl necklace, my only valuable possession, that if he and I live so long, I will be Lady Paulyn before next Christmas-day."

A foolish wager to make, perhaps, when her heart was given utterly to another man; but these little sisterly skirmishes always brought out the worst points in Elizabeth's character. She had been thinking, too, as she watched the softly dropping ashes, of all the grandeurs and pleasures with which she might have surrounded herself at such a season as this were she the wife of Viscount Paulyn; thinking of that dismal old house at Ashcombe, and the transformation that she might effect there; the spacious rooms glowing with fire-light and innumerable candles, filled with pleasant people, new furniture, splendid draperies, life and color throughout that mansion, where now reigned a death-like gloom and grayness, as if the dust of many generations had settled and become fixed there, covering all things with its dull neutral hue. These visions were strangely sweet to her shallow soul; and mingled with the thoughts of those possible triumphs there was always the thought of Malcolm Forde, and the impression that such a marriage would make upon him.

"He would see that at least some one can care for me," she said to herself; "that if I am not good enough for him, I may be good enough for his superior in rank and fortune."

And then came a vision of that tall figure and grave face among the witnesses of her wedding. He would take his subordinate part in the service, no doubt: "By the Vicar of Hawleigh, father to the bride, assisted by the Reverend Malcolm Forde."

"He would not care," she thought, "he would not even be angry with me. But he would preach me a sermon about my increased means of usefulness; he would expect me to become a Sister of Mercy on a wider scale."

After that joyless Christmas-time life seemed to Elizabeth Luttrell to become almost intolerable by reason of its dreariness. She gave up her spasmodic attempts at active usefulness altogether. She had emptied her purse for her poor; wearied herself in going to and fro between the Vicarage and their hovels; steeped herself to the lips in their difficulties and sorrows, and to some of them at least had contrived to render herself very dear; and having done this, she all at once abandoned them, staid at home and brooded upon her vexations, sat for long hours at her piano, playing wild, passionate music, which seemed like a stormy voice answering her stormy heart.

"Let him come to me and remonstrate with me again," she said to herself, looking up with haggard eyes at the drawing-room door, as if she expected to see that tall figure appear at her invocation. "Let him come to reprove me, and I will tell him that I am tired of working without any earthly reward; that I have neither faith nor patience to labor for a recompense that I am only to win, perhaps half a century hence, in heaven. And who knows if I should see *his* face there, or hear *his* voice praising me?"

But the days went by, and Mr. Forde took no heed of this second defection.

One thing only gave color to Elizabeth's life in this hopeless time, and that was the daily service in the big empty church of St. Clement's, at which she saw the cold, grave face that had usurped so fatal a power over her soul. Once in every day she must needs see him; once in every day she must needs hear his voice; and it was to see and hear him that she rose early on those cheerless winter mornings and shared the devotions of a few feeble old women in poke-bonnets, and a sprinkling of maiden ladies with frost-pinched noses showing rosy-tipped beneath their veils. It was not a pure worship which was wafted heavenward with Elizabeth's orisons; rather no worship at all, but an impious adoration of the creature instead of the Creator: in every word in the familiar prayers, every sentence in the morning lessons, she heard the voice of the man she loved, and nothing more. *His* voice, with its slow solemn depths of music; *his* face, with its earnest eyes forever overlooking her. These were the sole elements of that daily service; she went to church to see and to hear Malcolm Forde, and knew in her heart of hearts that it was for this alone she went, and in some remorseful moments wondered that Heaven's swift vengeance did not descend upon so impious a creature.

"How could I bear my life if I were married to another man, and it were a deadly sin to think of him?" she asked herself, wonderingly; and then argued with herself that in an utterly new life, a life filled to overflowing with the pleasures that had never yet been within her reach—pleasures that would have all the freshness and delight of novelty—she must surely find it an easy matter to shut Malcolm Forde's image out of her heart.

"In what is he different from all other men that I should go on lamenting him forever?" she thought. "If I lived in the world, I should meet his superiors every day of my life. But living out of the world—seeing only such people as Frederick Melvin and his fellow-creatures—it is hardly wonderful that I think him a demi-god."

And then, in the next moment, with a passionate scorn of her own arguments, she would exclaim:

"But he is above all other men! There is no one like him in that great world I am so ignorant of. There is no one else whose coldest word could seem sweeter than the praise of other men. There is no one else whose very shadow across my path could be more to me than the love of all the world besides."

In this blank pause of her life, when all the machinery of her existence, which had for a long time been gradually growing abominable to her by reason of its monotony, seemed all at once to become too hateful for endurance, like a long dusty road which for a certain distance the pilgrim treads with a kind of hopefulness, until, grown foot-sore and weary long ere the end of his journey, that long white road under the broiling sun, those changeless hedges, that pitiless burning sky, become an affliction hardly to be borne—in this sudden failure of happiness and hope it was not unnatural that Elizabeth's eyes should turn with some kind of longing to the dazzling prospect perpetually exhibited to them by Aunt Chevenix.

"Remember, my dearest Lizzie," wrote that lady, whose longest epistles were always addressed to Elizabeth—"remember that you have a great future before you, and pray do not suffer yourself to be depressed by any remarks which *envy* or *malice* may dictate to those who *feel themselves* your inferiors in accomplishments and *personal appearance*. Your *fate* is in your own hands, my dearest girl, and it is you alone who can hinder, by a foolish preference, of which I can not think with common patience, the very high advancement which I feel assured Fortune holds in reserve for you. But I venture to believe that your absurd admiration of Mr. F—— is a thing of the past. Think, my love, of the delight you would feel in being mistress of a brilliant establishment—in finding yourself the centre of an *aristocratic* and *fashionable* circle, invited to *state balls* and *royal garden-parties*—and then contrast this picture with the vision of some obscure rustic parsonage, its Sunday-school, its old women in black bonnets—that species of black bonnet which I imagine must be a natural product of the soil in agricultural districts, so inevitable is its appearance, and I can hardly believe there are people still living who would voluntarily *make* a thing of that shape. Look upon this picture, my dearest girl, and then on that—as Pope, or some other old-fashioned writer, has observed—and let reason be your guide. Easter, I am pleased to see, falls early this year, by which means we shall have done with Lent before the fine weather begins. I shall expect you as soon after Easter-Sunday as your papa can manage to bring you."

To this visit she looked forward as a release from that life which had of late become worse than bondage; but even in this looking forward there was an element of despair. She might have balls and garden-parties and pleasures without number; she might wear fine dresses, and sun her beauty in the light of admiring eyes; but she would see him no more. Would it not be happier for her to be thus divided, than to see him day by day, and every day become more assured of his indifference? Yes, she told herself. And in that whirlpool of London life was it likely she would be forever haunted by his image?

"It is this Mariana-in-the-moated-grange kind of life that is killing me," she said to herself, as she sat by her turret window, preferring her fireless bedroom to the society of her sisters, watching the winter rain fall slowly in the drenched garden, and the dripping sun-dial by which she had stood so often talking to Malcolm Forde in the summer that was gone. It was arranged that Mr. Luttrell and his third daughter should go to London on the 30th of March, the vicar treating himself to a week's holiday in town after the fatigue of the Easter services—a burden which was chiefly borne by the broad shoulders of Malcolm Forde. Toward the end of February, therefore, Elizabeth was able to occupy herself with the pleasing task of preparing for the visit; a business which involved a good deal of dress-making, and a greater outlay than the vicar approved. He grumbled and endured, however, as he had grumbled and endured when Gertrude and Diana spread their young pinions for their brief flight into those fashionable skies.

"It seems a nonsensical waste of money," he said, with a doleful sigh, as he wrote a final clearing-up check for the Hawleigh dress-maker, "and I don't suppose that your visit will result in any thing more than your sisters' visits. But Maria would lead me a life if I refused to let you go."

"I beg your pardon, papa," exclaimed Gertrude. "Pray do not make any comparison between Elizabeth and *us*. She belongs to quite a different order of beings, and is sure to make a brilliant match. It is not to be supposed that the world can overlook *her* merits."

"I don't know about that," said the vicar, with a rueful glance at the figures on his check; "but this seems a large amount to pay for dress-making. I think girls in your position—the daughters of a professional man—ought to make your own gowns."

"The bill isn't all for dress-making, papa; Miss March has found the material," said Elizabeth, waiving the question of what a girl in her position ought or ought not to do. "The trimmings are rather expensive, perhaps; but dresses are so much trimmed nowadays."

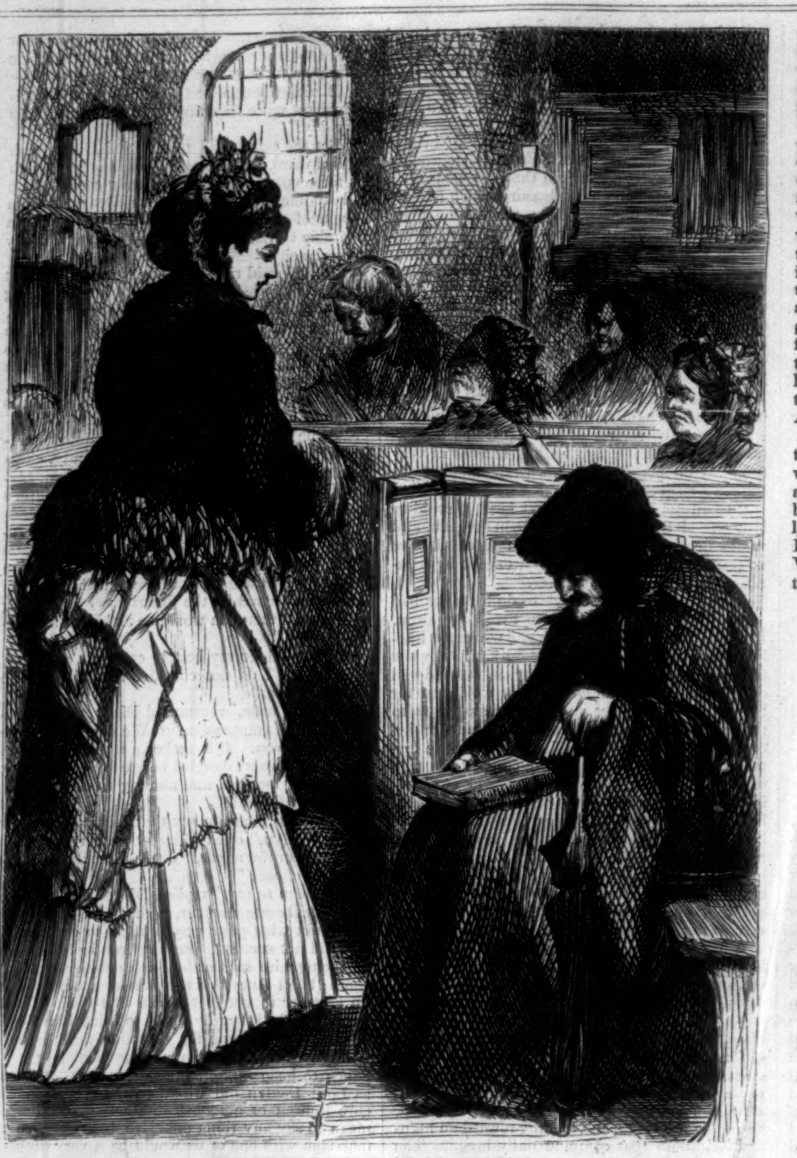
"Yes, that's what I hear on every side, when I complain of my bills," replied the vicar. "Butcher's-meat is so much dearer nowadays, says the cook; fodder has risen since last month, says the groom; Russia is consuming our coals, and prices are mounting daily, says the coal merchant. But unhappily my income is not so elastic—that is a fixed quantity; and I fear the time is at hand when to make that square with our necessities will be something like attempting to square the circle."

The Luttrell girls were accustomed to mild wailings of this kind when the paternal check-book had to be produced, and checks were signed as reluctantly as if they were death-warrants waiting for the sign-manual of a tender-hearted king; so they were not deeply impressed by this threat of future destitution. They gave their minds very cheerfully to the preparation of their summer clothing; envied Elizabeth those extra garments provided for her approaching visit; quarreled and made friends again after the manner of sisters whose affection is tempered by certain individual failings.

Frivolous as the distraction might be, this choosing of colors and materials, and trying-on of new apparel, served to brighten the bleak days of a blusterous March with a feeble light. Elizabeth thought just a little less of her hopeless wasted love, while Miss March's head apprentice was coming to the Vicarage every day with patterns of gimps and fringes and laces and ruchings, for the selection whereof all the sisters had to be convened like a synod. Even Gertrude and Diana were not altogether ill-natured, and gave themselves up to these deliberations with a friendly air; while Blanche flung herself into the subject with youthful ardor, and wound up her approval of every article by the declaration that she would have one like it when she went to Aunt Chevenix for *her* London season.

"Or perhaps you'll be married, and have a town-house, Lizzie, and I shall come to you; which would be much nicer than being under auntie's thumb. And of course, you'd enjoy bringing out a younger sister. Viscountess Paulyn, on her marriage, by Lucretia Viscountess Paulyn; Miss Blanche Luttrell, by her sister, Viscountess Paulyn. Wouldn't that look well in the local papers?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE DAILY SERVICE AT ST. CLEMENT'S.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

OCH, Biddy darlin', an' ain't it gay
To throw to the divil all restraint,
An' march about all the blessed day
To honor ould Ireland's patron Saint?

Sure, now, it's an illegant show we'll make,
With flags an' banners of green an' gold;
An' won't the Orangemen squirm an' quake
To see us marchin' so proud an' bold?

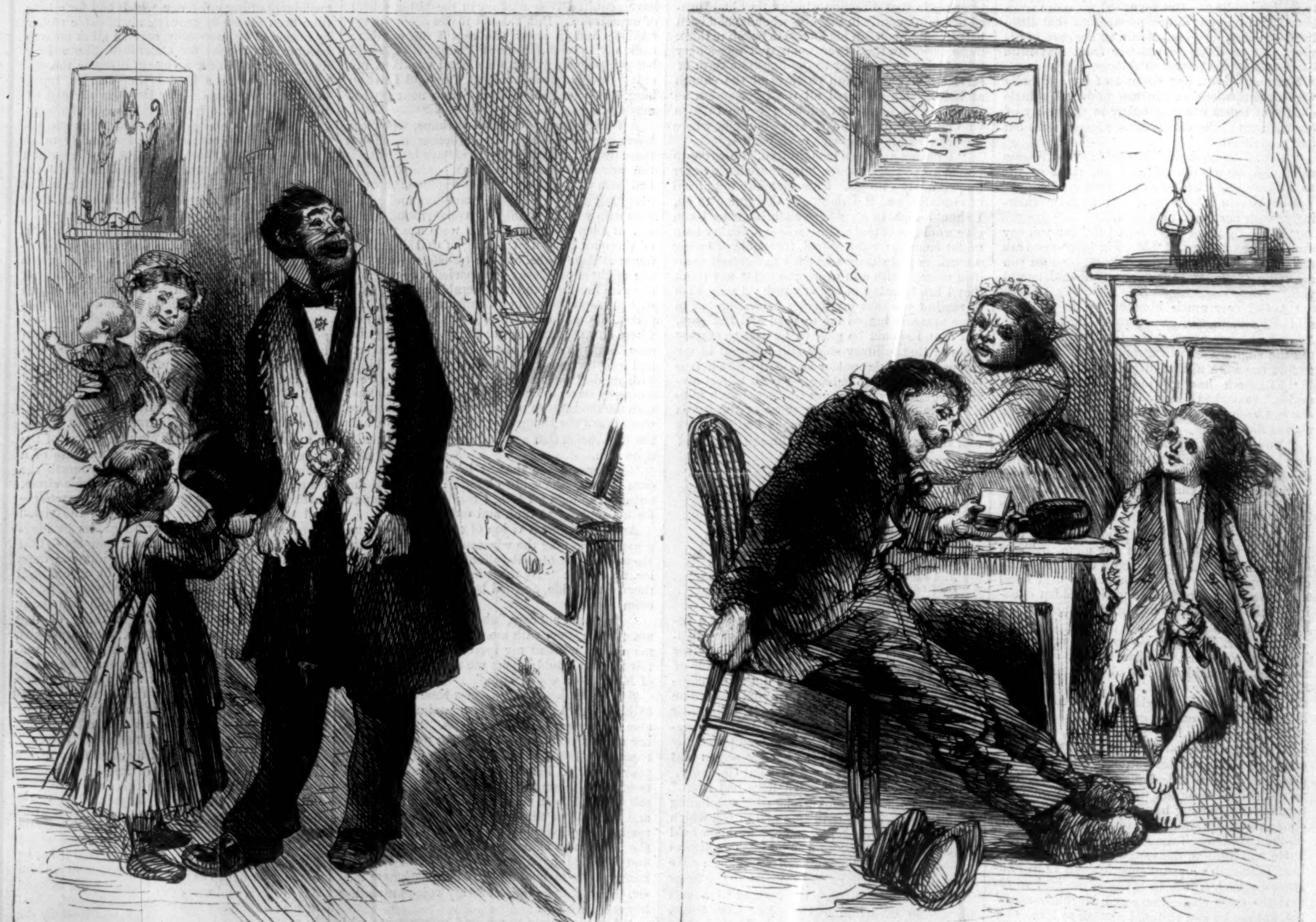
They've claned the streets for our line of march—
We'll make 'em lay carpets down some day;
An' then, bedad, won't we take the starch
Out of every spalpeen that stops the way?

An' we'll hold up our heads, then, mighty an' grand,
An' defy all Protestant persecution,
With our Patrick the patron Saint of the land,
An' his blessed name in the Constitution.

Then won't our turn-out be jolly and gay?
For nobody livin' shall hold aloof;
The banks an' the stores shall be shut all day,
An' the Green Flag flout from every roof.

But while I'm spakin' the minutes pass—
Hand me yon scarf of gold an' green,
An' I'll take one turn before the glass,
Just to see meself as I'll be seen.

Faith, now, it's an illegant uniform—
Ye'll take the childer to see the sight;
An' be sure to have something good an' warm
Agin the time I get back the night.



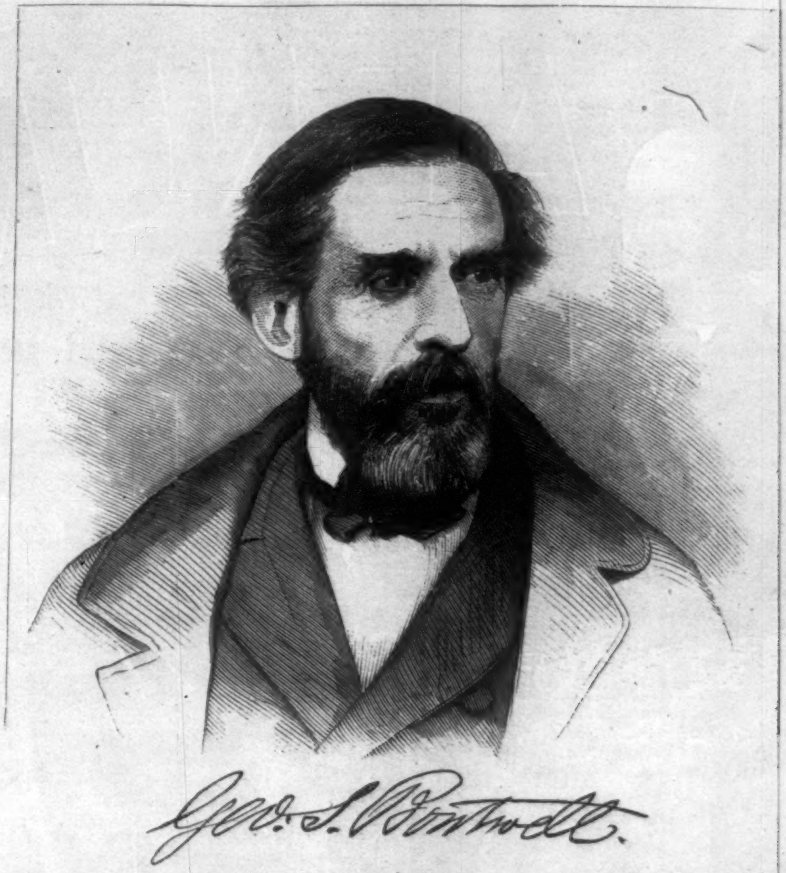
THE MORNING GLASS. ST. PATRICK'S DAY. THE EVENING GLASS.

THE HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

This gentleman, who has just been elected United States Senator from Massachusetts for the unexpired portion of Senator Wilson's term, was born in Brookline, near Boston, January 28, 1818. His parents' circumstances debarred him from a collegiate education, and he was at an early age devoted to agricultural pursuits. These he afterward abandoned, and became a trader in Groton, first as an apprentice and finally as a proprietor. His leisure time, meanwhile, was devoted to the improvement of his education.

His attention was at length directed to the legal profession, which he adopted, and in which he achieved a remarkable success. In 1842 he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislâture, where he served for seven successive years. In 1851 he was elected Governor of the State, and held the position for two terms. He was an active and influential member of the State Constitutional Convention which met in 1853. In 1861 Mr. Boutwell was a member of the celebrated Peace Congress, which failed to arrest the Southern movement. The following year he was appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue, which position he resigned in 1863 to take a seat in the House of Representatives, to which he was three times re-elected. In March, 1869, Mr. Boutwell was appointed Secretary of the Treasury. Our readers will remember that Mr. A. T. Stewart was the President's first choice for the office, and that this gentleman was nominated for it; but the discovery was immediately made that an old Federal law, passed by Congress in 1789, precluded Mr. Stewart from holding the office, on account of his interest in importations. So urgent was the President for Mr. Stewart's confirmation, and such was his confidence in his superior executive talents, that he asked Congress to pass a joint resolution to exempt Mr. Stewart from the provisions of the prohibitory law. But he soon withdrew his request, and appointed Mr. Boutwell, who held that position until his election to the Senate.

In the choice of Mr. Boutwell to represent her in the Senate, Massachusetts has honored herself, and secured the services of a most worthy successor to Henry Wilson. There was never a more honest man in public or private life than Mr. Boutwell. The traditional Republican plainness and integrity mark his whole character and career.



Geo. S. Boutwell.

DON ESTANISLAO FIGUERAS.

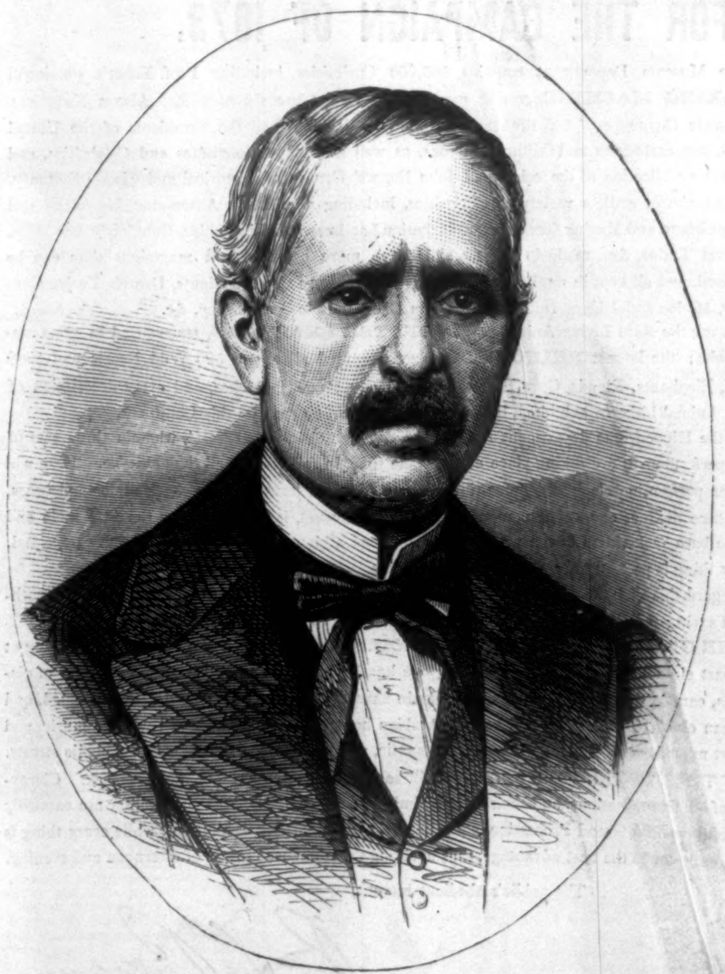
Señor Castelar, the most brilliant orator and most accomplished statesman of Spain, has contributed to an English magazine a very interesting biographical sketch of Figueras, who is now President of the Spanish Ministry and Acting President of the Republic. From this sketch we take a few paragraphs to accompany the portrait given on this page:

"Figueras was born in beautiful and enlightened Barcelona on the 13th of November, 1819. After having studied the humanities in the Escuela Pia of that city, in which he remained five years, he applied himself to philosophy at Cervera, and soon afterward at Tarragona. He entered as a law student in the universities of Barcelona and Valencia, terminating his education in the month of June, 1842. Even while thus engaged he made some figure in politics, showing an extraordinary ardor in the defense of liberal principles. In 1837 he was enrolled in the ranks of the progressist party, which then represented the most radical aspirations of the youth of his time. But his active temperament, and his ardent devotion to all that is just and noble, soon separated him from a political school which was as yet unable to satisfy the natural exigencies of a revolutionary epoch. In 1840 he joined the republican party, being among the first who embraced their idea in Spain. After the events of 1842, which culminated in the bombardment of Barcelona, he differed from the republicans in their appreciation of that incident. In 1854 he became a member of the Revolutionary Junta of Tarragona, and deputy in the Cortes for the same provinces. He was of those one-and-twenty who, on the 30th of November, 1854, voted against the monarchy. Since that period Madrid has been his fixed place of residence, and there he exercises the profession of an advocate, in which he has acquired enviable notoriety, being one of the most famous lawyers in that city. In 1862 he was again elected deputy for the first district of Barcelona, and disputed with his friend Don Nicolas Maria Rivero the administration of the Liberal Union, then in power. The retreat of the two parties, progressist and republican, being decided, and the movement of the 3d of January, 1866, being overthrown, Figueras withdrew for a time from active and militant politics, notwithstanding that he maintained his relations with the most important men of his party, and labored unceasingly, although indirectly, with his counsels for the triumph of the second revolutionary attempt, which occurred in June of the same year. After that abortive revolution, the consequences of which were so fatal for the liberal party, he threw himself resolutely into the work of conspiracy, which, in correspondence with the leaders in exile, was carried on in Madrid. In consequence of these labors he was arrested on the 12th of May, 1867, by order of Narvaez, and imprisoned in the Saladero, together with his friend Don Nicolas Rivero. There he remained two days, when a commissary of police and two civil guards conducted him to Pampeluna. In a short time the government ordered him to fix his residence at Aosis. He was pardoned in October of that year, when the revolution of Aragon and Cataluña being over, the government had nothing to apprehend. Subsequently he was appointed a member of the Revolutionary Junta, elected justice of the peace for the Congressional District, and in the municipal elections member of the Council for the District of the Hospital......The records of the parliamentary career of Figueras are those of the progress of the republican idea in Spain. At the first Congress in which he took part he was scarcely twenty-five years old, and he stood alone. Afterward he had two or three companions. In 1854 twenty deputies voted against the monarchy. In 1869 seventy members voted for the republic. When Figueras, almost a boy, entered the Chamber, with the timidity natural to one who comes for the first time to the Cortes, and encountered so powerful a monarchy, with a sovereign still popular, with orators who defended both throne and monarch, with generals who aided so much power—when he faced the brilliant and gilded wall of opposition, behind which lay sheltered a tradition of twenty ages, renewed by the vigor of modern liberty—certainly none could suppose that at his advance those bulwarks would tremble, that at his voice the throne would totter, and that Providence had destined him to be one of the first to dash down the false idol. He struck it, and thus by right became the leader of the republican minority in the constituent field.

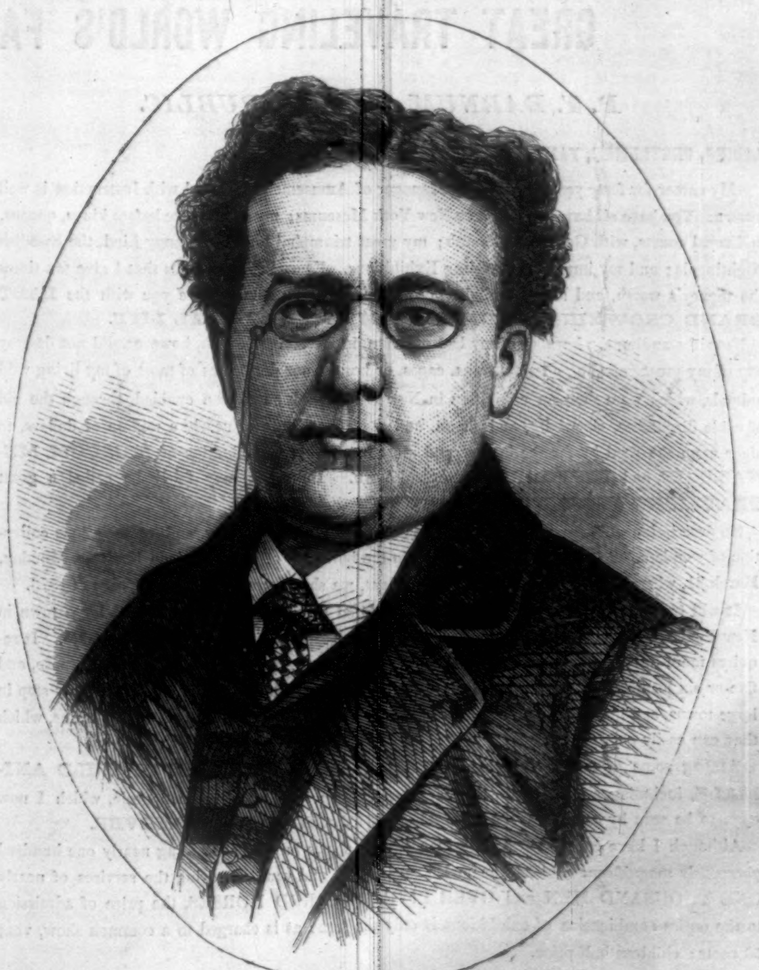
"I do not think I exaggerate when I say that Spanish eloquence stands as high as the first parliamentary eloquence in Europe. I do no more than repeat a universally admitted judgment in placing Señor Figueras in the immortal band of our most gifted orators. Some shine by their energy, others by force of logic, and others by their flood of language—none so much as he for sense of opportunity, for ingenuity, for skill, for the most excellent endowments of parliamentary orators. For myself, I say that one of the greatest satisfactions of my life has been to fight by his side, and one of the most pleasing records of my memory his combats and his triumphs. Worthy of the most noble cause, worthy of the republic which, conquered to-day to reappear to-morrow, will count him among its founders and its heroes."

SEÑOR CRISTINO MARTOS.

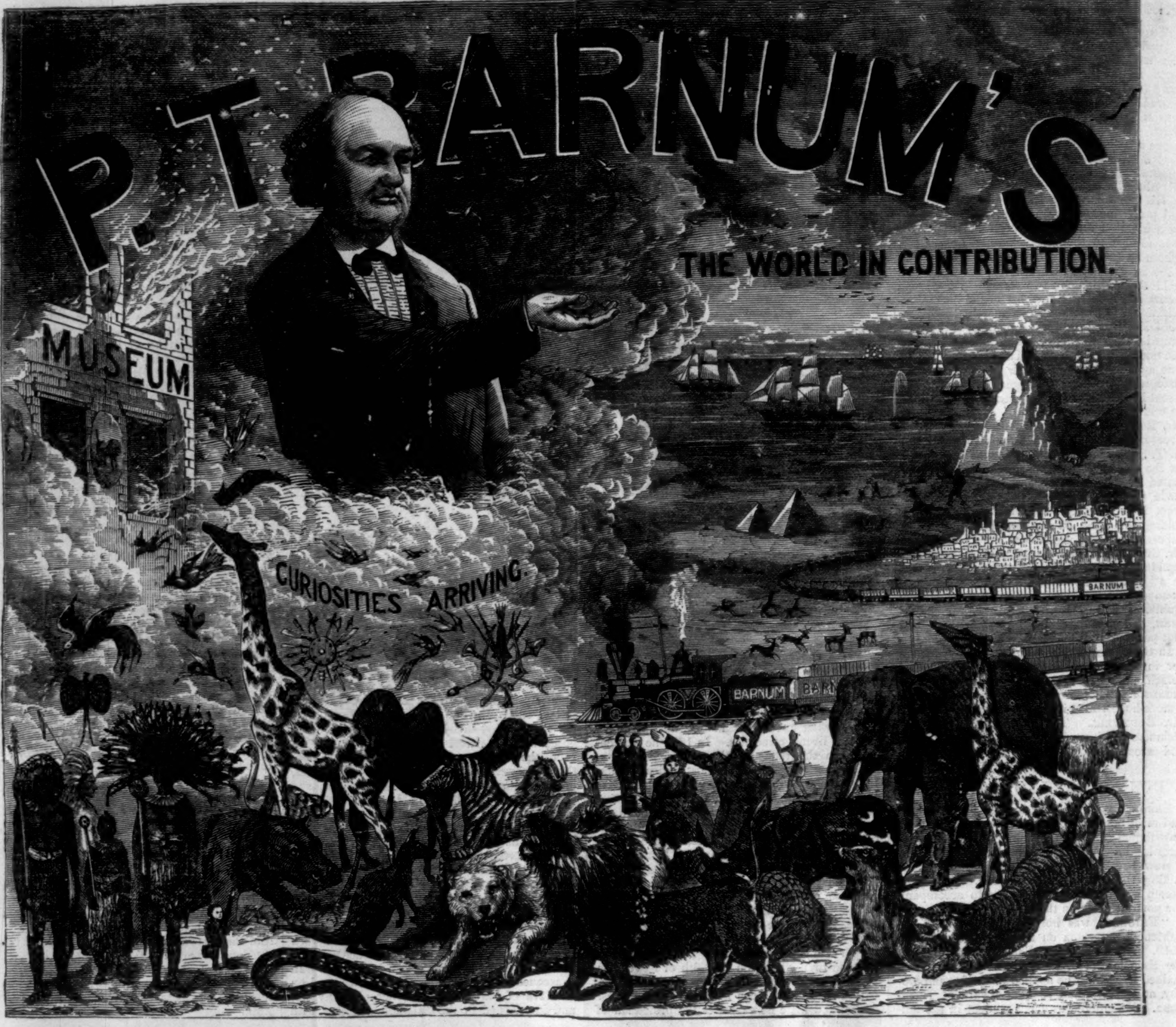
Like a majority of the members of the new provisional government of Spain, Señor Martos, President of the Cortes, whose portrait is given on this page, is still a very young man. He is regarded by his countrymen as a most promising and capable statesman, and great services are confidently expected of him in establishing the republic on a firm and substantial basis. It is said that his influence under the monarchy was constantly exerted in favor of liberalizing the institutions of his country, and that although he stood among the supporters of the late government, he has always been considered a republican.



ESTANISLAO FIGUERAS, President of the Council of Ministers of the Spanish Republic.



CRISTINO MARTOS, President of the Spanish Cortes.



GREAT TRAVELING WORLD'S FAIR FOR THE CAMPAIGN OF 1873.

P. T. BARNUM TO THE PUBLIC.

LADIES, GENTLEMEN, FAMILIES, CHILDREN, FRIENDS:

My career for forty years as a public Manager of Amusements blended with Instruction is well known. You have all heard of my three New York Museums; my appearance before kings, queens, and royal courts, with Gen. Tom Thumb; my great triumphal tour with Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale; and my immense Traveling Exhibitions. Every body concedes that I give ten times the money's worth, and always delight my patrons. I now come before you with the **LAST GRAND CROWNING TRIUMPH OF MY MANAGERIAL LIFE.**

Notwithstanding the burning of my last museum, in December (which, however, did not destroy any of my great traveling chariots, vans, cages, or horses, nor duplicates of most of my living wild animals, which were then on exhibition in New Orleans), I have been enabled, through the aid of cable dispatches, electricity, and steam, and the expenditure of nearly a million of dollars, to place upon the road by far the largest and most interesting Combination of **MUSEUM, MENAGERIE**, and **HIPPODROME** ever known. Indeed, it may fairly be called a great **TRAVELING WORLD'S FAIR.**

No description will convey an adequate idea of its vastness, its beauty, and its marvelous collection of wonders. After our *Grand Opening* in the buildings of the American Institute, Monday, March 31, where we will remain for about ten days, we shall commence the campaign of 1873.

It will travel entirely by railroad, and be exhibited this season in nearly every large town in New England, Canada, and the States east of the Mississippi River and north of the Ohio. It requires more than one hundred cars, besides *fifty of my own*, made expressly for this purpose, and five or six locomotives, to transport it. My daily expenses exceed $5000. We can only stop in large towns, and leave it to those residing elsewhere to reach us by cheap excursion trains, which they can easily get up.

Among some of my novelties are a **FREE FULL MENAGERIE OF WILD ANIMALS**, including all, and more than are usually seen in a traveling menagerie, which I now open to be seen by every body, **WITHOUT ANY CHARGE WHATEVER.**

Although I have consolidated more than twenty shows in one, containing nearly one hundred gorgeously magnificent gold and enameled cages, dens, and vans, requiring the services of nearly ONE THOUSAND MEN and OVER FIVE HUNDRED HORSES, the price of admission to the entire combination of exhibitions is only the same as is charged to a common show, viz., 50 cents; children half price.

My great Hippodrome Tent comfortably seats 13,000 persons at one time, while my numerous other tents cover several acres of ground.

The Museum Department contains 100,000 Curiosities, including Prof. Faber's wonderful **TALKING MACHINE**, costing me $20,000 for its use six months. Also a National Portrait Gallery of 100 life-size Oil Paintings, including all the Presidents of the United States, our Statesmen and Military Heroes, as well as foreign Potentates and Celebrities, and the entire Collection of the celebrated John Rogers' Groups of Historical and Classic Statuary. Also an almost endless variety of Curiosities, including numberless Automaton Musicians and Mechanicians, and Moving Scenes, Transformation Landscapes, Sailing-Ships, Running Water-Mills, Railroad Trains, &c., made in Paris and Geneva, more beautiful and marvelous than can be imagined, and all kept in motion by a Steam-Engine. Here also are Giants, Dwarfs, Feejee Cannibals, Modoc and Digger Indians, Circassian Girls, the No-Armed Boy, &c.

Among the Rare Living Animals are **MONSTER SEA LIONS**, transported in great water-tanks; the largest **RHINOCEROS** ever captured alive, and 500 Wild Beasts and Rare Birds, Elephants, Elands, Gnus, Lions, Tigers, Polar Bears, Ostriches, and every description of Wild Animal hitherto exhibited, besides many never before seen on this Continent.

In the Hippodrome department are **THREE DISTINCT RINGS**, wherein three sets of rival performances are taking place at the same time, in full view of all the audience. Here will be seen performing elephants, horse-riding goats, educated horses, ponies, trick mules and bears, and three distinct equestrian companies (with six clowns), including by far the best male and female bare-back riders in the world, with numerous athletes and gymnasts who have no equal. Every thing is perfectly chaste and unobjectionable.

I regard this with pride as the culminating triumph of my amusement career, and I hazard nothing in saying that **the like will not be seen again in this generation.**

THE GREAT STREET PROCESSION, three miles long, takes place every morning at half-past eight o'clock. It is worth going one hundred miles to see. It consists of trains of elephants, camels, dromedaries, zebras, and elks in harness; nearly one hundred gold, enameled, and cerulean chariots, vans, dens, and cages; Arabian horses, trick ponies, three bands of music, and a most marvelous display of gymnastic, automatic, and musical performances in the public streets.

☞ THREE FULL EXHIBITIONS will be given each day at 10, 1, and 7 o'clock. Clergymen of all denominations, and their wives, admitted free. Parties from the country are earnestly advised to see the Grand Procession, and attend the first morning exhibitions, while every thing is fresh, and seen to the best advantage, thus avoiding the immense crowds of afternoon and evening.

The public's obedient servant,

P. T. Barnum

438 Fifth Avenue, March 15, 1873.

BUSINESS MEN, ATTENTION.

The United States Life Insurance Company, having recently re-organized its Agency Department, is now prepared to negotiate with competent and successful business men who feel disposed to engage in soliciting for life insurance as a permanent business.

Bear in mind that the Company is desirous of making engagements with men strictly new to the business, whose past record will warrant a trial in this field

Come one and all and talk the matter over.

JOHN E. DE WITT,
President,
261 *Broadway.*

MAGIC FOR THE PARLOR. Send a stamp for the new price-list.

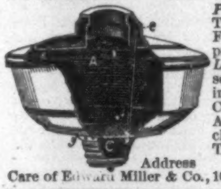
PORTABLE ELECTRIC MACHINE. Varley's invention Hartz's Patent. Most wonderful little piece of apparatus in the world. Will produce an inch spark. $10 in a box, with beautiful experiments.
HARTZ CONJURING REPOSITORY,
850 Broadway, near 14th St., N. Y.

CHAPPED HANDS AND FACE,
Sore Lips, Dryness of the Skin, &c., &c.,
Cured at once by HEGEMAN'S CAMPHOR ICE WITH GLYCERINE. It keeps the hands soft in all weather. See that you get HEGEMAN'S. Sold by all Druggists. Only 25 cents. Manufactured only by HEGEMAN & Co., Chemists and Druggists, New York.

6,000,000 Pairs of
SILVER TIPS
Are sold annually, the question is, Where are they worn? On the feet of course.

"WHY NOT BUY THEM?"
GOOD CABLE SCREW WIRE
BOOTS and SHOES are dryer, easier, and more durable than any other.

ORIENT SAFETY LAMPS,
Entirely of metal, are the only lamps in use which can neither break, leak, nor explode. Are ornamental and cheap. Adapted to all household uses; also to stores, factories, churches, &c.
AGENTS Make $10 a DAY
SELLING THESE LAMPS.
For an Agency, address
WALLACE & SONS,
89 Chambers St., New York.



GUARDIAN SAFETY LAMP.
Principle Entirely New. Tested by the New York Fire Department who pronounced it the *Safest Lamp* for burning Kerosene. Adapted to Dwellings, Hotels, Stores, Churches, Factories, &c. AGENTS WANTED. Exclusive sale guaranteed. Territory given free.
Address DAVID LUBIN,
Care of Edward Miller & Co., 104 Chambers St., N. Y.

$25,000 Given Away
IN CASH premiums to the subscribers of the TRANSATLANTIC MAGAZINE. The publishers of the Transatlantic, instead of expending the above amount in cheap Chromos, will distribute among the first 25,000 new subscribers for the present year the sum of **$25,000** in cash, as follows: One present of **$5000**; two of **$1000**; five of **$500**; ten of **$100**; fifteen of **$50**; fifty of **$25**; two hundred of **$10**; and twenty-two hundred and fifty of **$5**. The distribution will be made as soon as 25,000 new names are received. The Transatlantic, now in its seventh volume, contains each month 128 pages of the best stories and essays from all the leading foreign magazines, and is the cheapest magazine in America, independent of the extraordinary premiums. This popular magazine for **$3 00** per year in advance, and a chance for a present besides! Specimen copies 25 cents, prepaid.
E. A. SCOTT & CO., Publishers,
No. 718 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

PORTABLE
SODA FOUNTAINS,
$40, $50, $75, and $100.
GOOD, DURABLE, AND CHEAP.
SHIPPED READY FOR USE.
Manufactured by
J. W. CHAPMAN & CO.,
Madison, Ind.
—Send for Circular.—

REMOVAL.
The undersigned gives notice to his many patrons and the public generally, that he has removed from the Corner of Broadway and 25th St. to the Corner of Broadway and 27th St. (Stevens' Building, where he will continue to supply Parties, Receptions, Weddings, &c., with every requisite in elegant variety of choice **Confectionery and Delicacies** with satisfactory promptness. **M. BERGMAN.**

FOR 10 Cts., a specimen No. PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL sent, first post, by S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

SAVE YOUR EYES,
RESTORE your SIGHT,
THROW AWAY YOUR SPECTACLES,
By reading our Illustrated PHYSIOLOGY AND ANATOMY of the EYESIGHT. Tells how to Restore impaired Vision and Overworked Eyes; how to cure Weak, Watery, Inflamed, and Near-Sighted Eyes, and all other Diseases of the Eyes.
WASTE NO MORE MONEY BY ADJUSTING HUGE GLASSES ON YOUR NOSE AND DISFIGURING YOUR FACE. **Pamphlet of 100 pages Mailed Free. Send your address to**
DR. J. BALL & CO., (P. O. Box 957.)
No. 91 Liberty Street, New York City, N. Y.

Keith, Baldwin, & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS OF THE

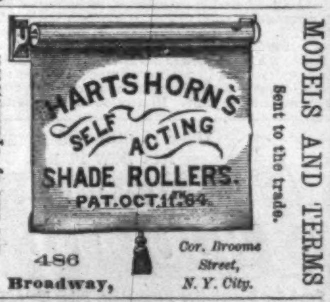
WALKING MOTION
TREADLE
FOR SEWING-MACHINES.
IMPROVED.
235 Superior St., Cleveland, O.

THIS GREAT SANITARY INVENTION is recommended by the most distinguished Physicians in the United States, as *Removing the Cause* of injury to those who use the Sewing-Machine.

It prevents all of the aches and pains so sure to follow the constant use of the Sewing-Machine with the old treadle. Can be attached to all makes of machines. Price $5 00, put on the machine.

Agents wanted in all unoccupied territory.

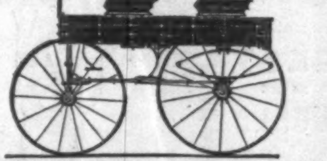
No Cords or Balances Used.
For Sale by Upholsterers.


HARTSHORN'S
SELF ACTING
SHADE ROLLERS.
PAT. OCT. 11. '64.

486 Broadway, Cor. Broome Street, N. Y. City.
Sent to the trade.
MODELS AND TERMS

TRUE TIME FOR $1. 50,000 SOLD.
Magnetic Time-Keeper, Compass, and Indicator. A perfect GEM for the pocket of every traveler, trader, boy, farmer, and for EVERY BODY desiring a *reliable* timekeeper, and also a superior compass. Usual watch-size, steel works, glass crystal, all in a neat OROIDE case. WARRANTED to denote *correct time* and to keep in order—if fairly used—for two years. *Nothing like it!* This perfect triumph of mechanism will be sent in a neat case, prepaid to any address, for only $1; 3 for $2. Circulars sent free. Try one. Order from the manufacturers' Agents. Eureka Manufacturing Co., Hinsdale, N. H.

THE TRADE WAGON.



A WAGON INTENDED FOR GENERAL PURPOSES.
WEIGHS BUT 400 POUNDS.
Is finished ready to paint and trim. Inquire of your carriage-maker, or the ONLY manufacturers,
S. N. BROWN & CO., of Dayton, Ohio.

THE AMERICAN CARD PRINTER.—The best, neatest, quickest, and most durable article for printing visiting cards that has ever been on the market. With it an agent can travel from town to town printing visiting cards in various styles; a business at which Card Writers are now making from $10 to $20 per day, and have done so for years past, and now not beginning to supply the demand, as only the best writers can do the work, but with the above printer a boy 12 years of age can do work better and more accurate than the most experienced Card Writers. 50 well printed cards with your name, as samples, post paid 50cts. BOND, MARTIN & CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Send FOR OUR 64 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE.

LOVEJOY'S GLASS-CUTTER,
WITH PUTTY-KNIFE COMBINED.

Cuts glass better than a diamond; is useful in every House, Store, or Shop; lasts a lifetime, and will pay for itself the first time used. Sent prepaid to any address, safely packed, upon receipt of 50 cents and letter stamp, by **ALVAN L. LOVEJOY,**
229 Washington St., Boston.

HAPPY HOURS,
A New Chromo by Hill, will be given to every new subscriber to **AMATEUR**, the leading Musical Monthly.
Subscription only $1 per year; Sample Copy 10c.
Lee and Walker's MUSICAL ALMANAC for 1873 sent free to any address.
LEE & WALKER, Musical Publishers,
922 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WIGS, TOUPEES, &c. DOUBLEDAY, maker, 276 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Enough said."

MAHOGANY,
WALNUT, ROSEWOOD, RED & SPANISH CEDAR,
AND ALL KINDS
Hard-Wood Lumber,
In PLANK, BOARDS, & VENEERS.
GEO. W. READ & CO.,
Office, Mill, and Yard, 186 to 200 Lewis St., cor. 6th, E. R.
Branch Salesrooms, 170 and 172 Centre St., N. Y.
☞ Orders by mail promptly and faithfully executed.
☞ Inclose 3c. stamp for Catalogue and Price-List.

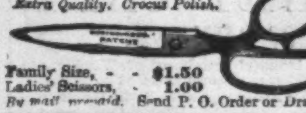
ROGERS'
GROUPS OF
STATUARY.
Inclose Stamp for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List to
JOHN ROGERS,
212 Fifth Ave., New York.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
THE
NORTH AMERICA
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Issues New York State Registered Policies secured by pledge of Public Stocks, like the circulation of National Banks.
This makes every Registered Policy as secure to the holder as a National Bank Note or United States Bond.
This Company has determined to offer to those who may prefer that plan of Insurance the new system of
TONTINE INSURANCE.
It is believed to combine greater and more varied advantages than any other known system of Insurance.
SEND FOR TONTINE CIRCULARS.
NORTH AMERICA LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
17 and 19 Warren St., New York.

DR. LYON'S TOOTH TABLETS
For Cleansing the Teeth.

$6 WORTH MUSIC FOR 50c.
"BLUME'S ALBUM." Each number has 32 large quarto pages first-class Piano Music. Best Songs, Waltzes, Galops, Quadrilles, &c., by Abt, Kucken, Mendelssohn, Claribel, Strauss, Faust, Parlow, Herman, &c., for 50c. mailed. FRED. BLUME, 27 Union Square, Broadway.

SEYMOUR'S SHEARS & SCISSORS.
"The Best are the Cheapest."
Extra Quality. Crocus Polish.



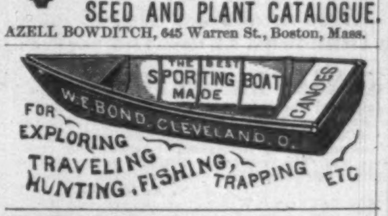
Family Size, - - $1.50
Ladies' Scissors, - 1.00
By mail prepaid. Send P. O. Order or Draft.
HENRY SEYMOUR & CO., 29 and 31 Rose St., N. Y.

WOODWARD'S COUNTRY HOMES.

150 DESIGNS and PLANS for Houses of moderate cost. $1 50, postpaid.
ORANGE JUDD & CO.,
PUBLISHERS, 245 Broadway, N. Y.
☞ Send for Catalogue of all the best books on Architecture, Agriculture, Field Sports, & the Horse.

Pomeroy's Trusses.
Unrivaled for the relief and cure of Hernia or Rupture.
POMEROY & CO., 744 Broadway, New York.

Before buying send for our descriptive
SEED AND PLANT CATALOGUE.
AZELL BOWDITCH, 645 Warren St., Boston, Mass.



HOW 'TIS DONE, or the Secret Out.—Mustache and Whiskers in 42 days. This GREAT SECRET and 100 others. Gamblers' Tricks, Cardiology, Ventriloquism, all in the ORIGINAL **"Book of Wonders."** Mailed for 25 cents. Address D. C. CUTLER, Carthage, Illinois.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.—A. A. MARKS, 575 Broadway, N. Y. City, Inventor and U. S. Gov't Manufacturer of FIRST PREMIUM Artificial Limbs, with Rubber Hands and Feet. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet, free.

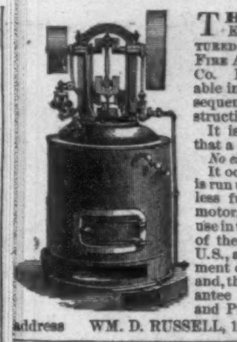
OIL PAINTINGS.—Send for Price-List.
W. LEVIN,
10 Dekalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

REMEDY SENT FREE for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all disorders brought on by neglected Colds and diseased Lungs. Sent free for trial to any address.
REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

ONLY 10 CTS. for two numbers of the new illustrated paper, MY OWN FIRESIDE. A $5 Chromo and the paper only $1 a year. JONES & HADLEY, Publishers, 176 Broadway, N. Y.

RUBBER STAMPS, Steel Letters, the Little Gem, Stencil Dies, &c. U. S. M'F'G Co., 97 W. Lombard St., Balto. $10 a day to Agents.

IMITATION GOLD WATCHES & CHAINS.
This metal has all the brilliancy and durability of Gold. Prices $15, $20, and $25 each. Chains from $2 to $12 each. Goods sent C. O. D. by express; by ordering six you get one free. Send stamp for our Illustrated Circular. Address
COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 335 Broadway, N. Y. City.



THE BAXTER ENGINE IS MANUFACTURED BY COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MANUFACTURING Co. Is made interchangeable in all its parts, and consequently is perfect in construction.
It is simple and safe, so that a child may run it.
No extra insurance to pay.
It occupies less space and is run up to rated power with less fuel than any known motor. Over 50 are now in use in this city, and hundreds of them in use all over the U. S., and the universal judgment confirms all we claim; and, therefore, we fully guarantee them. For Circulars and Price-List call upon or address WM. D. RUSSELL, 18 Park Place, N. Y.

THE NOVELTY PRESS

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING
WITH A
NOVELTY PRESS.
The best ever made for the purpose.
Principal office 349-351 Federal, and 152 Kneeland Streets, Boston. Branch office, 543 Broadway and 88 Mercer Street, New York.
W. Y. EDWARDS is no longer Agent for me or the sale of my goods. **BENJ. O. WOODS,**
Manufacturer of Novelty Presses, and dealer in every description of
PRINTING MATERIAL.
Send for NEW Illustrated Catalogue, with Agents addresses.

PRICE $290.
U. S.

You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 Octave Pianos for **$290?** We answer—It costs less than **$300** to make any **$600** Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make **100 per ct.** profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant 5 Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to over **500** Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos, in **44** States and Territories. Please state where you saw this notice.
U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, N. Y.

WILDER'S GALVANIC BATTERY, constructed upon entirely new principles. Increase of current. Self-amalgamating. Saves all the copper from the acid used. Send for circular.
W. J. WILDER & CO., 97 Bank St., Cleveland, O.

CATCHEMALIVE MOUSE TRAP

A MOUSE ONCE Caught, Resets the Trap for another! Six sent by Express for $3, sample 60 cents.
R. E. DIETZ, *Patentee,*
54 & 56 Fulton St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED FOR
BEHIND THE SCENES
IN WASHINGTON.
The spicest and best selling book ever published. It tells all about the great *Credit Mobilier Scandal*, Senatorial Briberies, Congressmen, Rings, Lobbies, and the Wonderful Sights of the National Capital. It sells quick. Send for circulars, and see our terms and a full description of the work. Address CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., New York, or NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia and Chicago.

1st Premium at Am. Institute, 1871.
STAMFORD SEWING MACHINE.
The *most quiet* and the *Lightest Running* Shuttle Machine in the world.
Not a Cam, Cog, or Roller.
No intermediate expenses or profits.
We sell directly to those who retail the machine. Agents wanted.
T. B. BISHOP & CO., Stamford, Conn.

ROPER HOT AIR
ENGINE COMPANY, 124 Chambers St., N. Y.

WE DEFY THE WORLD to produce a remedy that will cure HEADACHE and DYSPEPSIA as effectually as DR. R. A. WILSON'S PILLS. Sold by all dealers. B. L. FAHNESTOCK & CO., Proprietors, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$30 PER WEEK and expenses paid. We want a reliable agent in every County in the U. S. Address *Hudson River Wire Co.*, 130 Maiden Lane, N. Y., or Chicago, Ill.

WORKING CLASS, MALE OR FEMALE, $60 a week guaranteed. Respectable employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; full instructions and valuable package of goods sent free by mail. Address, with 6-cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 16 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

ALL AGENTS, No matter what they are doing, make a mistake if they fail to write CHAS. H. TAYLOR & CO., Boston or Chicago, whose new combination beats the world. Sales immense. Profits big.

12 BEAUTIFUL OIL CHROMOS mailed for 50 cts., by C. S. RILEY, Holland, N. Y.

WHEATON FEMALE SEMINARY, **Norton, Mass.** The next term will open April 3d, 1873. For circular and terms, apply to
Mrs. C. C. METCALF, Principal.

MONEY Easily made with our Stencil and Key-Check Outfit. Circulars free. STAFFORD M'F'G Co., 66 Fulton St., N. Y.

$325 A MONTH and expenses to good Canvassers. Samples free. Address
H. G. DEAN, New Bedford, Mass.

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

12 SAMPLES sent by mail for 50c. that retail quick for $10. R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Square, N. Y.

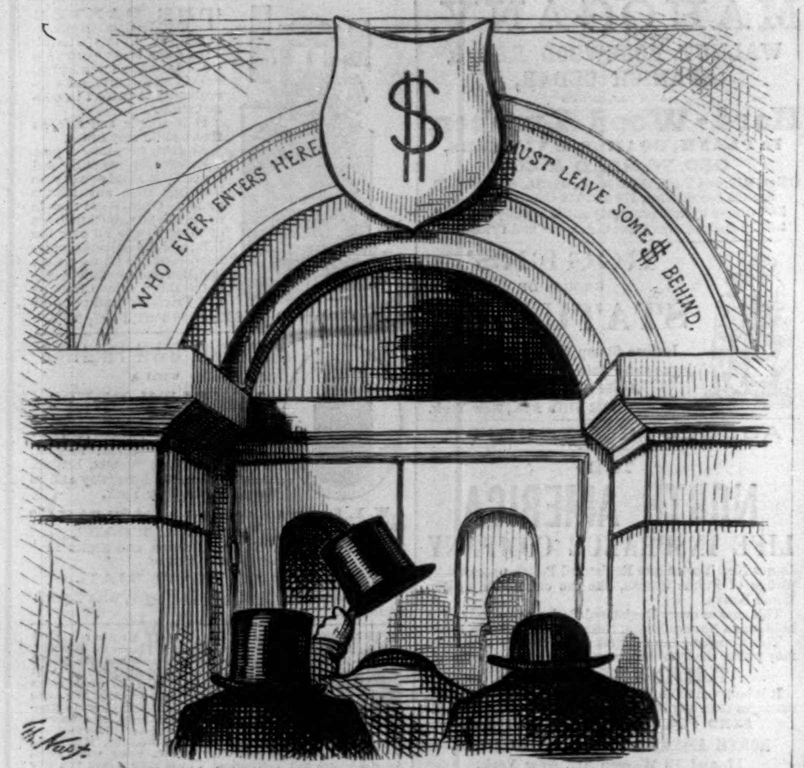
$425 A MONTH! Horse and carriage furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

AGENTS can do better with YOUMAN'S DICTIONARY of EVERYDAY WANTS, than with any other book published. Extra terms. $30 weekly *guaranteed*. Send for Circulars to F. M. REED, 139 Eighth St., N. Y.

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples, and full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

STAMMERING.—Dr. White's U. S. Stammering Institute, 102 E. 26th St., N. Y. References from every State. No pay until cured. Send for circular.

$125 A WEEK! All expenses paid. Business new. NOVELTY CO., Saco, Me.


$
WHO EVER ENTERS HERE MUST LEAVE SOME $ BEHIND.
Th. Nast

A WARNING TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

Don't let it come to this.

TO INVESTORS.

To those who wish to REINVEST COUPONS OR DIVIDENDS, and those who wish to INCREASE THEIR INCOME from means already invested in other less profitable securities, we recommend the Seven-Thirty Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company as well secured and unusually productive.

The Bonds are always convertible at Ten per cent. premium (1.10) into the Company's Lands at Market Prices. The rate of interest (seven and three-tenths per cent. gold) is equal now to about 8¼ currency—yielding an income more than one-third greater than United States 5-20's. Gold Checks for the semi-annual interest on the Registered Bonds are mailed to the post-office address of the owner. All marketable stocks and bonds are received in exchange for Northern Pacifics ON MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

JAY COOKE & CO.,
New York, Philadelphia, and Washington.
FOR SALE BY BANKS AND BANKERS GENERALLY.

SHIRTS.

J. W. Johnston,

260 GRAND STREET, New York.

Also, Hosiery and Men's Furnishing Goods. Six superior Dress Shirts made to measure, of Wamsutta XX muslin, for $15 and upward, according to the linen.

☞ Six fine Dress Shirts of Masonville Muslin for $12.
☞ Six good " " Harris " " $9.

To gentlemen residing outside of New York a good fit will be guaranteed by sending the following measurements in inches: Size of Collar worn; measure from centre of Shoulder along arm to Knuckle of small finger; around Chest, Waist, and Wrist. State number of Plaits; if for Studs, Spirals, or Buttons; style of Cuff.

☞ The Trade supplied with Dress Shirts to Order.

REMINGTON RIFLE.

Send for Illustrated Price-list of Military and Sporting Breech-Loading Rifles, Shot Guns, Pistols, Rifle-Canes, Cartridges, &c.
E. REMINGTON & SONS, Manufacturers,
Armory, Ilion, N. Y. 281 & 283 Broadway, New York.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES and NETTING,

MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,
☞ Send for Price-List.] Baltimore Md.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.

Organs & Melodeons.

The Oldest, Largest, and Most Perfect Manufactory in the United States.

51,000

Now in use.

No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same popularity.

☞ Send for Price-Lists.
Address BUFFALO, N. Y.

HENRY CAPT,
OF GENEVA,

Now has a beautiful assortment of Watches and Traveling Clocks, of his own make, at
No. 23 Union Square, New York.
E. LOUPPE, Agent.

STECK

GRAND, SQUARE, & UPRIGHT

PIANOS

ARE

THE CHEAPEST

BECAUSE THE

Best and Most Durable.

WAREROOMS, 25 East 14th St., N. Y.

KANSAS LANDS FOR SALE.

Improved Farms in Shawnee County. Wild Lands in Greenwood, Butler, Lyon, Osage, Coffey, Chase, Ottawa, Clay, Cloud, Mitchell, Wabaunsee, Pottawatomie, Woodson, Morris, Dickenson, Shawnee, and other Counties. City Property in Topeka; in lots and on terms to suit purchasers. Selected in 1868. Address
JAS. A. KING,
COR. ST. CLAIR & WASSON STS., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Opera Glasses

Priced Catalogues sent to any address, 10 cents each.

Part 1st.	Mathematical Instruments....	153 pages
" 2d.	Optical Instruments..........	107 "
" 3d.	Stereopticons................	90 "
" 4th.	Physical Apparatus..........	66 "

JAMES W. QUEEN & CO.,
601 Broadway, New York; 924 Chestnut St., Philada.

CARRIAGES AT BARGAINS!

WOOD BROTHERS CO.,
740 BROADWAY,

ARE NOW OFFERING, AT PRICES GREATLY BELOW THEIR VALUE.

300 Fine Carriages,

SLIGHTLY DAMAGED DURING THE LATE FIRE.

These carriages are, without exception, of the best quality and superior finish, comprising the latest styles for town, park, and country driving. An opportunity is thus offered for securing

Handsome Carriages at Prices that can not fail to be Satisfactory.

THE
(ORIGINAL)

Continental Life Insurance Co.,
Of HARTFORD, CONN.

INCORPORATED, MAY, 1862.

SAM'L E. ELMORE, *President.* JOHN S. RICE, *Vice-President.*
FRANCIS D. DOUGLASS, *Secretary.* H. R. MORLEY, *Actuary.*

The CONTINENTAL especially commends itself, by its past experience and present management, to those who desire to place their insurance in a conservative company, conducted on the principle of furnishing *reliable and absolute insurance* at as *reasonable cost* as is consistent with *perfect security.*

☞ A few first-class Agents wanted for unoccupied fields.

A GREAT OFFER FOR MARCH!!

Horace Waters & Son, 481 B'way, N. Y., will dispose of 100 PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS of first-class makers, including Waters's, at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES FOR CASH, during THIS MONTH. New 7-octave PIANOS, modern improvements, for $250 and $275 cash. THE WATERS CONCERTO PARLOR ORGANS are the most beautiful in style and perfect in tone ever made. Prices at bargains for cash. Monthly installments received, running from one to three years. Illustrated Catalogues mailed.

Over 15,000,000 square feet now in use.

H.W.JOHNS
ASBESTOS
ROOFING

Send for Descriptive Pamphlets, Price-Lists, Terms to Dealers, &c. **H. W. JOHNS,**
{*Established* in 1858.} New Offices, 87 MAIDEN LANE, cor. GOLD STREET, New York.

MAGIC LANTERNS,

Dissolving View-Apparatus, Views for Public Exhibitions, &c. A profitable business for a man with small capital. Illustrated Priced Catalogue sent free.
McALLISTER, Optican, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

DOMESTIC
THE LIGHT RUNNING
DOMESTIC

IS THE
BEST
IN THE
WORLD
For both the
FAMILY
and Workshop.

Agents wanted.

Address
"DOMESTIC" S. M. Co., New York.

ACCIDENTS. Insure in the TRAVELERS, of Hartford.

BUILDERS and all who contemplate building, supplied with Illustrated Catalogue on receipt of stamp.
Address A. J. Bicknell & Co., Pubs., 27 Warren St., N. Y.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

Active agents wanted, to canvass New York and the leading cities for "Santo Domingo, Past and Present; with a Glance at Hayti." By Samuel Hazard. Profusely illustrated. The subscriber has other Books, of a popular character, for agents. Call, or address
AVERY BILL,
Care of Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, N. Y.

LLOYD'S PATENT ADJUSTABLE HARD-WOOD CORNICES.

Fit any and all windows. Prices fifty per cent. less than same patterns made in the old way. Mirror Frames to match. Photographs sent by mail.
G. L. KELTY & CO.,
Furniture Manufacturers,
724 Broadway, New York.

---

20 Sheets of Choice Music, $1 00.

Why throw away money on high-priced Music when you can select from our Catalogue of 700 pieces? Any 20 Half-Dime, or 10 of Dime Series mailed on receipt of One Dollar. Sold by all booksellers, and can be ordered through any newsdealer. Send stamp for Catalogue. Address
BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher,
439 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK.

CHOICE ENGLISH BOOKS,

In every department of Literature, all in fine Library condition. Descriptive and Priced Catalogues mailed gratis. **A. L. LUYSTER,**
(*Established* 1840.) London, & 138 Fulton St., N. Y.

THE MISFORTUNES of a RUPTURE can be easily remedied by wearing the New Elastic Truss, without Metal Springs. It retains the Rupture under all circumstances; is worn night and day with perfect comfort and soon effects a permanent cure. Sold at a moderate price. It is sent by mail to all parts of the country by THE ELASTIC TRUSS CO.,
No. 683 Broadway, N. Y. City.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	One Year......	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY,	One Year......	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR,	One Year......	4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at* $4 00 *each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for* $20 00, *without extra copy.*

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S BAZAR.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

UNION ADAMS & CO.

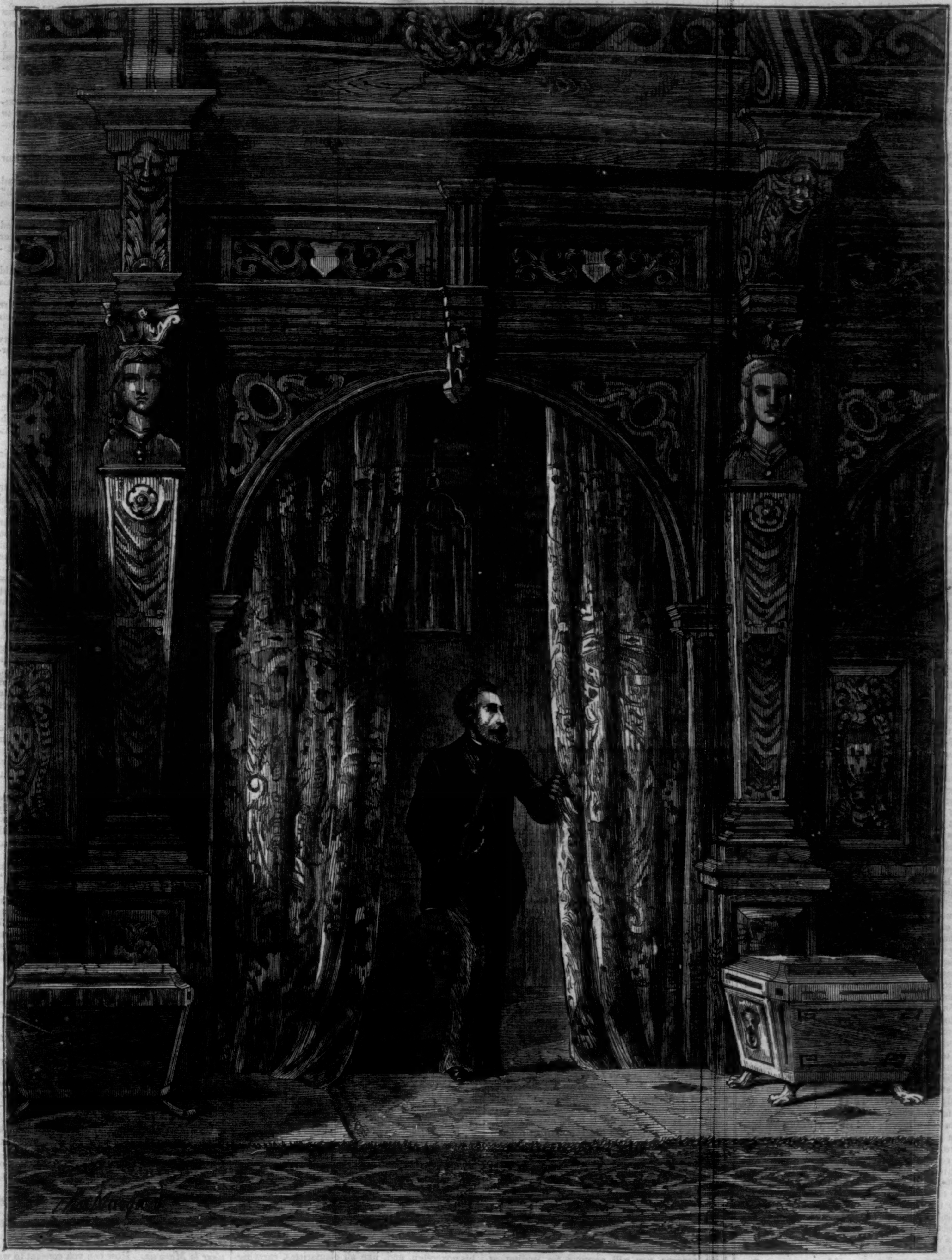
FINE DRESS SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, & DRAWERS

MADE TO ORDER FROM PERCALES, CRETONNES, LINENS, MUSLINS,

AND THE NEW ASCOT SHIRTINGS.

URIVALED in STYLE & ELEGANCE.

637 BROADWAY, New York.



THE LATE LORD LYTTON AT HOME AT KNEBWORTH.—[SKETCHED FROM LIFE.]

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON),

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS,"
"MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

THEY who chance to have read the *Coming Race* may perhaps remember that I, the adventurous discoverer of the land without a sun, concluded the sketch of my adventures by a brief reference to the malady which, though giving no perceptible notice of its encroachments, might, in the opinion of my medical attendant, prove suddenly fatal.

I had brought my little book to this somewhat melancholy close a few years before the date of its publication, and, in the mean while, I was induced to transfer my residence to Paris, in order to place myself under the care of an English physician, renowned for his successful treatment of complaints analogous to my own.

I was the more readily persuaded to undertake this journey, partly because I enjoyed a familiar acquaintance with the eminent physician referred to, who had commenced his career and founded his reputation in the United States, partly because I had become a solitary man, the ties of home broken, and dear friends of mine were domiciled in Paris, with whom I should be sure of tender sympathy and cheerful companionship. I had reason to be thankful for this change of residence; the skill of Dr. C—— soon restored me to health. Brought much into contact with various circles of Parisian society, I became acquainted with the persons, and a witness of the events, that form the substance of the tale I am about to submit to the public, which has treated my former book with so generous an indulgence. Sensitively tenacious of that character for strict and unalloyed veracity which, I flatter myself, my account of the abodes and manners of the Vril-ya has established, I could have wished to preserve the following narrative no less jealously guarded than its predecessor from the vagaries of fancy. But Truth undisguised, never welcome in any civilized community above-ground, is exposed at this time to especial dangers in Paris; and my life would not be worth an hour's purchase if I exhibited her *in puris naturalibus* to the eyes of a people wholly unfamiliarized to a spectacle so indecorous. That care for one's personal safety, which is the first duty of thoughtful man, compels me, therefore, to reconcile the appearance of *la Verité* to the *bienséances* of the polished society in which *la Liberté* admits no opinion not dressed after the last fashion.

Attired as fiction, Truth may be peacefully received; and, despite the necessity thus imposed by prudence, I indulge the modest hope that I do not in these pages unfaithfully represent certain prominent types of the brilliant population which has invented so many varieties of Koom-Posh;* and even when it appears hopelessly lost in the slough of a Glek-Nas, re-emerges fresh and lively as if from an invigorating plunge into the Fountain of Youth. *O Paris, foyer des idées, et œil du monde!*—animated contrast to the serene tranquillity of the Vril-ya, which, nevertheless, thy noisiest philosophers ever pretend to make the goal of their desires—of all communities on which shines the sun and descend the rains of heaven, fertilizing alike wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, in every city men have yet built on this earth, mayst thou, O Paris, be the last to brave the wands of the Coming Race and be reduced into cinders for the sake of the common good! TISH.

PARIS, *August* 28, 1872.

BOOK FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a bright day in the early spring of 1869.

All Paris seemed to have turned out to enjoy itself. The Tuileries, the Champs Elysées, the Bois de Boulogne, swarmed with idlers. A stranger might have wondered where Toil was at work, and in what nook Poverty lurked concealed. A *millionaire* from the London Exchange, as he looked round on the *magasins*, the equipages, the dresses of the women—as he inquired the prices in the shops and the rent of apartments—might have asked himself, in envious wonder, How on earth do those gay Parisians live? What is their fortune? Where does it come from?

As the day declined, many of the scattered loungers crowded into the Boulevards; the *cafés* and *restaurants* began to light up.

About this time a young man, who might be some five or six and twenty, was walking along the Boulevard des Italiens, heeding little the throng through which he glided his solitary way: there was that in his aspect and bearing which caught attention. He looked a somebody, but, though unmistakably a Frenchman, not a Parisian. His dress was not in the prevailing mode—to a practiced eye it betrayed the taste and the cut of a provincial tailor. His gait was not that of the Parisian—less lounging, more stately; and, unlike the Parisian, he seemed indifferent to the gaze of others.

Nevertheless there was about him that air of dignity or distinction which those who are reared from their cradle in the pride of birth acquire so unconsciously that it seems hereditary and inborn. It must also be confessed that the young man himself was endowed with a considerable share of that nobility which Nature capriciously distributes among her favorites, with little respect for their pedigree and blazon—the nobility of form and face. He was tall and well shaped, with graceful length of limb and fall of shoulders; his face was handsome, of the purest type of French masculine beauty—the nose inclined to be aquiline, and delicately thin, with finely cut open nostrils; the complexion clear, the eyes large, of a light hazel, with dark lashes, the hair of a chestnut brown, with no tint of auburn, the beard and mustache a shade darker, clipped short, not disguising the outline of lips, which were now compressed, as if smiles had of late been unfamiliar to them; yet such compression did not seem in harmony with the physiognomical character of their formation, which was that assigned by Lavater to temperaments easily moved to gayety and pleasure.

Another man, about his own age, coming quickly out of one of the streets of the Chaussée d'Antin, brushed close by the stately pedestrian above described, caught sight of his countenance, stopped short, and exclaimed, "Alain!" The person thus abruptly accosted turned his eye tranquilly on the eager face, of which all the lower part was enveloped in black beard; and slightly lifting his hat, with a gesture of the head that implied, "Sir, you are mistaken; I have not the honor to know you," continued his slow, indifferent way. The would-be acquaintance was not so easily rebuffed. "*Peste*," said he, between his teeth, "I am certainly right. He is not much altered—of course *I am;* ten years of Paris would improve an orang-outang." Quickening his step, and regaining the side of the man he had called "Alain," he said, with a well-bred mixture of boldness and courtesy in his tone and countenance,

"Ten thousand pardons if I am wrong. But surely I accost Alain de Kerouec, son of the Marquis de Rochebriant?"

"True, Sir; but—"

"But you do not remember me, your old college friend, Frederic Lemercier?"

"Is it possible?" cried Alain, cordially, and with an animation which changed the whole character of his countenance. "My dear Frederic, my dear friend, this is indeed good fortune! So you, too, are at Paris?"

"Of course; and you? Just come, I perceive," he added, somewhat satirically, as, linking his arm in his new-found friend's, he glanced at the cut of that friend's coat collar.

"I have been here a fortnight," replied Alain.

"Hem! I suppose you lodge in the old Hôtel de Rochebriant. I passed it yesterday, admiring its vast *façade*, little thinking you were its inmate."

"Neither am I; the hotel does not belong to me—it was sold some years ago by my father."

"Indeed! I hope your father got a good price for it; those grand hotels have trebled their value within the last five years. And how is your father? Still the same polished *grand seigneur?* I never saw him but once, you know; and I shall never forget his smile, *style grand monarque*, when he patted me on the head and tipped me ten napoleons."

"My father is no more," said Alain, gravely; "he has been dead nearly three years."

"*Ciel!* forgive me; I am greatly shocked. Hem! so you are now the Marquis de Rochebriant—a great historical name, worth a large sum in the market. Few such names left. Superb place your old château, is it not?"

"A superb place, No—a venerable ruin, Yes!"

"Ah, a ruin! so much the better. All the bankers are mad after ruins—so charming an amusement to restore them. You will restore yours, without doubt. I will introduce you to such an architect! has the *moyen âge* at his fingers' ends. Dear—but a genius."

The young Marquis smiled—for since he had found a college friend, his face showed that it could smile—smiled, but not cheerfully, and answered,

"I have no intention to restore Rochebriant. The walls are solid; they have weathered the storms of six centuries; they will last my time, and with me the race perishes."

"Bah! the race perish, indeed! you will marry. *Parlez-moi de ça*—you could not come to a better man. I have a list of all the heiresses at Paris, bound in Russia leather. You may take your choice out of twenty. Ah, if I were but a Rochebriant! It is an infernal thing to come into the world a Lemercier. I am a democrat, of course. A Lemercier would be in a false position if he were not. But if any one would leave me twenty acres of land, with some antique right to the De and a title, faith, would not I be an aristocrat, and stand up for my order? But now we have met, pray let us dine together. Ah! no doubt you are engaged every day for a month. A Rochebriant just new to Paris must be *fêté* by all the Faubourg."

"No," answered Alain, simply, "I am not engaged; my range of acquaintance is more circumscribed than you suppose."

"So much the better for me. I am luckily disengaged to-day, which is not often the case, for I am in some request in my own set, though it is not that of the Faubourg. Where shall we dine?—at the Trois Frères?"

"Wherever you please. I know no *restaurant* at Paris except a very ignoble one, close by my lodging."

"*Apropos*, where do you lodge?"

"Rue de l'Université, Numero—"

"A fine street, but *triste*. If you have no longer your family hotel, you have no excuse to linger in that museum of mummies, the Faubourg St. Germain; you must go into one of the new quarters by the Champs Elysées. Leave it to me; I'll find you a charming apartment. I know one to be had a bargain—a bagatelle—five hundred naps a year. Cost you about two or three thousand more to furnish tolerably, not showily. Leave all to me. In three days you shall be settled. *Apropos!* horses! You must have English ones. How many?—three for the saddle, two for your *coupé?* I'll find them for you. I will write to London to-morrow. *Reese*" (Rice) "is your man."

"Spare yourself that trouble, my dear Frederic. I keep no horses and no *coupé*. I shall not change my apartment." As he said this, Rochebriant drew himself up somewhat haughtily.

"Faith," thought Lemercier, "is it possible that the Marquis is poor? No. I have always heard that the Rochebriants were among the greatest proprietors in Bretagne. Most likely, with all his innocence of the Faubourg St. Germain, he knows enough of it to be aware that I, Frederic Lemercier, am not the man to patronize one of its greatest nobles. *Sacre bleu!* if I thought that; if he meant to give himself airs to me, his old college friend—I would—I would call him out."

Just as M. Lemercier had come to that bellicose resolution, the Marquis said, with a smile which, though frank, was not without a certain grave melancholy in its expression, "My dear Frederic, pardon me if I seem to receive your friendly offers ungraciously. But believe that I have reasons you will approve for leading at Paris a life which you certainly will not envy;" then, evidently desirous to change the subject, he said, in a livelier tone, "But what a marvelous city this Paris of ours is! Remember, I had never seen it before: it burst on me like a city in the Arabian Nights two weeks ago. And that which strikes me most—I say it with regret and a pang of conscience—is certainly not the Paris of former times, but that Paris which M. Bonaparte—I beg pardon, which the Emperor—has called up around him, and identified forever with his reign. It is what is new in Paris that strikes and enthralls me. Here I see the life of France, and I belong to her tombs!"

"I don't quite understand you," said Lemercier. "If you think that because your father and grandfather were Legitimists, you have not the fair field of living ambition open to you under the Empire, you never were more mistaken. *Moyen âge*, and even *rococo*, are all the rage. You have no idea how valuable your name would be either at the Imperial Court or in a Commercial Company. But with your fortune you are independent of all but fashion and the Jockey Club. And *à propos* of that, pardon me—what villain made your coat?—let me know; I will denounce him to the police."

Half amused, half amazed, Alain Marquis de Rochebriant looked at Frederic Lemercier much as a good-tempered lion may look upon a lively poodle who takes a liberty with his mane, and, after a pause, he replied, curtly, "The clothes I wear at Paris were made in Bretagne; and if the name of Rochebriant be of any value at all in Paris, which I doubt, let me trust that it will make me acknowledged as *gentilhomme*, whatever my taste in a coat, or whatever the doctrines of a club composed—of jockeys."

"Ha, ha!" cried Lemercier, freeing himself from the arm of his friend, and laughing the more irresistibly as he encountered the grave look of the Marquis. "Pardon me—I can't help it—the Jockey Club—composed of jockeys!—it is too much!—the best joke! My dear Alain, there is some of the best blood of Europe in the Jockey Club: they would exclude a plain *bourgeois* like me. But it is all the same; in one respect you are quite right. Walk in a *blouse* if you please—you are still Rochebriant—you would only be called eccentric. Alas! I am obliged to send to London for my pantaloons; that comes of being a Lemercier. But here we are in the Palais Royal."

CHAPTER II.

THE *salons* of the Trois Frères were crowded—our friends found a table with some little difficulty. Lemercier proposed a private cabinet, which, for some reason known to himself, the Marquis declined.

Lemercier, spontaneously and unrequested, ordered the dinner and the wines.

While waiting for their oysters, with which, when in season, French *bon-vivants* usually commence their dinner, Lemercier looked round the *salon* with that air of inimitable, scrutinizing, superb impertinence which distinguishes the Parisian dandy. Some of the ladies returned his glance coquettishly, for Lemercier was *beau garçon;* others turned aside indignantly, and muttered something to the gentlemen dining with them. The said gentlemen, when old, shook their heads, and continued to eat unmoved; when young, turned briskly round, and looked, at first fiercely, at M. Lemercier, but, encountering his eye through the glass which he had screwed into its socket—noticing the hardihood of his countenance and the squareness of his shoulders—even they turned back to the tables, shook their heads, and continued to eat unmoved, just like the old ones.

"Ah!" cried Lemercier, suddenly, "here comes a man you should know, *mon cher*. He will tell you how to place your money—a rising man—a coming man—a future minister. Ah! *bon-jour*, Duplessis, *bon-jour*," kissing his hand to a gentleman who had just entered, and was looking about him for a seat. He was evidently well and favorably known at the Trois Frères. The waiters had flocked round him, and were pointing to a table by the window which a saturnine Englishman, who had dined off a beef-steak and potatoes, was about to vacate.

Mons. Duplessis, having first assured himself, like a prudent man, that his table was secure, having ordered his oysters, his chablis, and his *potage à la bisque*, now paced calmly and slowly across the *salon*, and halted before Lemercier.

Here let me pause for a moment, and give the reader a rapid sketch of the two Parisians.

Frederic Lemercier is dressed, somewhat too showily, in the extreme of the prevalent fashion. He wears a superb pin in his cravat—a pin worth 2000 francs; he wears rings on his fingers, *breloques* to his watch-chain. He has a warm though dark complexion, thick black eyebrows, full lips, a nose somewhat turned up, but not small, very fine large dark eyes, a bold, open, somewhat impertinent expression of countenance—withal decidedly handsome, thanks to coloring, youth, and vivacity of "*regard.*"

Lucien Duplessis, bending over the table, glancing first with curiosity at the Marquis de Rochebriant, who leans his cheek on his hand and seems not to notice him, then concentrating his attention on Frederic Lemercier, who sits square with his hands clasped—Lucien Duplessis is somewhere between forty and fifty, rather below the middle height, slender but not slight—what in English phrase is called "wiry." He is dressed with extreme simplicity: black frock-coat buttoned up; black cravat worn higher than men who follow the fashions wear their neckcloths nowadays; a hawk's eye and a hawk's beak; hair of a dull brown, very short, and wholly without curl; his cheeks thin and smoothly shaven, but he wears a mustache and imperial, plagiarized from those of his sovereign, and, like all plagiarisms, carrying the borrowed beauty to extremes, so that the points of mustache and imperial, stiffened and sharpened by cosmetics which must have been composed of iron, looked like three long stings guarding lip and jaw from invasion; a pale olive brown complexion; eyes small, deep sunk, calm, piercing; his expression of face at first glance not striking, except for quiet immovability. Observed more heedfully, the expression was keenly intellectual—determined about the lips, calculating about the brows: altogether the face of no ordinary man, and one not, perhaps, without fine and high qualities, concealed from the general gaze by habitual reserve, but justifying the confidence of those whom he admitted into his intimacy.

"Ah, *mon cher*," said Lemercier, "you promised to call on me yesterday at two o'clock. I waited in for you half an hour: you never came."

"No; I went first to the *Bourse*. The shares in that company we spoke of have fallen; they will fall much lower—foolish to buy in yet; so the object of my calling on you was over. I took it for granted you would not wait if I failed my appointment. Do you go to the opera to-night?"

"I think not—nothing worth going for; besides, I have found an old friend, to whom I consecrate this evening. Let me introduce you to the Marquis de Rochebriant. Alain, M. Duplessis."

The two gentlemen bowed.

"I had the honor to be known to monsieur your father," said Duplessis.

"Indeed," returned Rochebriant. "He had not visited Paris for many years before he died."

"It was in London I met him, at the house of the Russian Princess C——."

The Marquis colored high, inclined his head gravely, and made no reply. Here the waiter brought the oysters and the chablis, and Duplessis retired to his own table.

"That is the most extraordinary man," said Frederic, as he squeezed the lemon over his oysters, "and very much to be admired."

"How so! I see nothing at least to admire in his face," said the Marquis, with the bluntness of a provincial.

"His face. Ah! you are a Legitimist—party prejudice. He dresses his face after the Emperor; in itself a very clever face, surely."

"Perhaps, but not an amiable one. He looks like a bird of prey."

"All clever men are birds of prey. The eagles are the heroes, and the owls the sages. Duplessis is not an eagle nor an owl. I should rather call him a falcon, except that I would not attempt to hoodwink him."

"Call him what you will," said the Marquis, indifferently; "M. Duplessis can be nothing to me."

"I'm not so sure of that," answered Frederick, somewhat nettled by the phlegm with which the Provincial regarded the pretensions of the Parisian. "Duplessis, I repeat it, is an extraordinary man. Though untitled, he descends from your old aristocracy; in fact, I believe, as his name shows, from the same stem as the Richelieus. His father was a great scholar, and I believe he has read much himself. Might have taken to literature or the bar, but his parents died fearfully poor; and some distant relations in commerce took charge of him, and devoted his talents to the *Bourse*. Seven years ago he lived in a single chamber, *au quatrième*, near the Luxembourg. He has now a hotel, not large but charming, in the Champs Elysées, worth at least 600,000 francs. Nor has he made his own fortune alone, but that of many others; some of birth as high as your own. He has the genius of riches, and knocks off a million as a poet does an ode, by the force of inspiration. He is hand-in-glove with the ministers, and has been invited to Compiègne by the Emperor. You will find him very useful."

Alain made a slight movement of incredulous dissent, and changed the conversation to reminiscences of old school-boy days.

The dinner at length came to a close. Frederic rang for the bill—glanced over it. "Fifty-nine francs," said he, carelessly flinging down his napoleon and a half. The Marquis silently drew forth his purse and extracted the same sum.

When they were out of the *restaurant*, Frederic proposed adjourning to his own rooms. "I can promise you an excellent cigar, one of a box given to me by an invaluable young Spaniard attached to the Embassy here. Such cigars are not to be had at Paris for money, nor even for love, seeing that women, however devoted and generous, never offer you any thing better than a cigarette. Such cigars are only to be had for friendship. Friendship is a jewel."

"I never smoke," answered the Marquis, "but I shall be charmed to come to your rooms; only don't let me encroach on your good nature. Doubtless you have engagements for the evening."

"None till eleven o'clock, when I have promised to go to a *soirée* to which I do not offer to take you; for it is one of those Bohemian entertainments at which it would do you harm in the Faubourg to assist—at least until you have made good your position. Let me see, is not the Duchesse de Tarascon a relation of yours?"

"Yes; my poor mother's first cousin."

"I congratulate you. *Très grande dame*. She will launch you *in puro cœlo*, as Juno might have launched one of her young peacocks."

"There has been no acquaintance between our houses," returned the Marquis, dryly, "since the *mésalliance* of her second nuptials."

"*Mésalliance!* second nuptials! Her second husband was the Duke de Tarascon."

"A duke of the First Empire—the grandson of a butcher."

"*Diable!* you are a severe genealogist, *Monsieur le Marquis*. How can you consent to walk arm in arm with me, whose great-grandfather supplied bread to the same army to which the Duke de Tarascon's grandfather furnished the meat?"

"My dear Frederic, we two have an equal pedigree, for our friendship dates from the same hour. I do not blame the Duchesse de Tarascon for marrying the grandson of a butcher, but for marrying the son of a man made duke by an usurper. She abandoned the faith of her house and the cause of her sovereign. Therefore her marriage is a blot on our scutcheon."

Frederic raised his eyebrows, but had the tact to pursue the subject no further. He who interferes in the quarrels of relations must pass through life without a friend.

The young men now arrived at Lemercier's apartment, an *entresol* looking on the Boulevard des Italiens, consisting of more rooms than a bachelor generally requires, and though low-pitched, of good dimensions, decorated and furnished with a luxury which really astonished the provincial, though, with the high-bred pride of an Oriental, he suppressed every sign of surprise.

---

*Koom-Posh, Glek-Nas. For the derivation of these terms and their metaphorical signification I must refer the reader to the *Coming Race* chapter xii., on the language of the Vril-ya. To those who have not read or have forgotten that historical composition it may be convenient to state briefly that Koom-Posh with the Vril-ya is the name for the government of the many, or the ascendency of the most ignorant or hollow, and may be loosely rendered Hollow-Bosh. When Koom-Posh degenerates from popular ignorance into the popular ferocity which precedes its decease, the name for that state of things is Glek-Nas, viz., the universal strife-rot.

Florentine cabinets freshly retouched by the exquisite skill of Mombro, costly specimens of old Sèvres and Limoges, pictures and bronzes and marble statuettes—all well chosen and of great price, reflected from mirrors in Venetian frames—made a *coup d'œil* very favorable to that respect which the human mind pays to the evidences of money. Nor was comfort less studied than splendor. Thick carpets covered the floors, doubled and quilted *portières* excluded all draughts from chinks in the doors. Having allowed his friend a few minutes to contemplate and admire the *salle à manger* and *salon* which constituted his more state apartments, Frederic then conducted him into a small cabinet, fitted up with scarlet cloth and gold fringes, whereon were artistically arranged trophies of Eastern weapons and Turkish pipes with amber mouth-pieces.

There placing the Marquis at ease on a divan, and flinging himself on another, the Parisian exquisite ordered a valet, well dressed as himself, to bring coffee and liqueurs; and after vainly pressing one of his matchless cigars on his friend, indulged in his own regalia.

"They are ten years old," said Frederic, with a tone of compassion at Alain's self-inflicted loss—"ten years old. Born, therefore, about the year in which we two parted."

"When you were so hastily summoned from college," said the Marquis, "by the news of your father's illness. We expected you back in vain. Have you been at Paris ever since?"

"Ever since; my poor father died of that illness. His fortune proved much larger than was suspected—my share amounted to an income from investments in stocks, houses, etc., to upward of 60,000 francs a year; and as I wanted six years to my majority, of course the capital on attaining my majority would be increased by accumulation. My mother desired to keep me near her; my uncle, who was joint guardian with her, looked with disdain on our poor little provincial cottage; so promising an heir should acquire his finishing education under masters at Paris. Long before I was of age I was initiated into politer mysteries of our capital than those celebrated by Eugene Sue. When I took possession of my fortune five years ago, I was considered a Crœsus; and really for that patriarchal time I was wealthy. Now, alas! my accumulations have vanished in my outfit; and 60,000 francs a year is the least a Parisian can live upon. It is not only that all prices have fabulously increased, but that the dearer things become, the better people live. When I first came out, the world speculated upon me; now, in order to keep my standing, I am forced to speculate on the world. Hitherto I have not lost; Duplessis let me into a few good things this year, worth 100,000 francs or so. Crœsus consulted the Delphic Oracle. Duplessis was not alive in the time of Crœsus, or Crœsus would have consulted Duplessis."

Here there was a ring at the outer door of the apartment, and in another minute the valet ushered in a gentleman somewhere about the age of thirty, of prepossessing countenance, and with the indefinable air of good-breeding and *usage du monde*. Frederic started up to greet cordially the new-comer, and introduced him to the Marquis under the name of "Sare Grarm-Varn."

"Decidedly," said the visitor, as he took off his paletot and seated himself beside the Marquis—"decidedly, my dear Lemercier," said he, in very correct French, and with the true Parisian accent and intonation. "You Frenchmen merit that praise for polished ignorance of the language of barbarians which a distinguished historian bestows on the ancient Romans. Permit me, Marquis, to submit to you the consideration whether Grarm Varn is a fair rendering of my name as truthfully printed on this card."

The inscription on the card, thus drawn from its case and placed in Alain's hand, was—

Mr. Graham Vane.

No. — Rue D'Anjou.

The Marquis gazed at it as he might on a hieroglyphic, and passed it on to Lemercier in discreet silence.

That gentleman made another attempt at the barbarian appellation.

"'Grăr—hăm Varne.' C'est ça! I triumph! all difficulties yield to French energy."

Here the coffee and liqueurs were served; and after a short pause the Englishman, who had very quietly been observing the silent Marquis, turned to him and said: "*Monsieur le Marquis*, I presume it was your father whom I remember as an acquaintance of my own father at Ems. It is many years ago: I was but a child. The Count de Chambord was then at that enervating little spa for the benefit of the Countess's health. If our friend Lemercier does not mangle your name as he does mine, I understand him to say that you are the Marquis de Rochebriant."

"That is my name; it pleases me to hear that my father was among those who flocked to Ems to do homage to the royal personage who deigns to assume the title of Count de Chambord."

"My own ancestors clung to the descendants of James II. till their claims were buried in the grave of the last Stuart; and I honor the gallant men who, like your father, revere in an exile the heir to their ancient kings."

The Englishman said this with grace and feeling; the Marquis's heart warmed to him at once.

"The first loyal *gentilhomme* I have met at Paris," thought the Legitimist; "and oh, shame! not a Frenchman!"

Graham Vane, now stretching himself and accepting the cigar which Lemercier offered him, said to that gentleman: "You who know your Paris by heart—every body and every thing therein worth the knowing, with many bodies and many things that are not worth it—can you inform me who and what is a certain lady who every fine day may be seen walking in a quiet spot at the outskirts of the Bois de Boulogne, not far from the Baron de Rothschild's villa? The said lady arrives at this selected spot, in a dark blue *coupé* without armorial bearings, punctually at the hour of three. She wears always the same dress, a kind of gray pearl-colored silk, with a *cachemire* shawl. In age she may be somewhat about twenty—a year or so more or less—and has a face as haunting as a Medusa's; not, however, a face to turn a man into a stone, but rather of the two turn a stone into a man. A clear paleness, with a bloom like an alabaster lamp with the light flashing through. I borrow that illustration from Sare Scott, who applied it to Milor Bee-ron."

"I have not seen the lady you describe," answered Lemercier, feeling humiliated by the avowal; "in fact, I have not been in that sequestered part of the Bois for months; but I will go to-morrow: three o'clock, you say—leave it to me; to-morrow evening, if she is a Parisienne, you shall know all about her. But, *mon cher*, you are not of a jealous temperament to confide your discovery to another."

"Yes, I am of a very jealous temperament," replied the Englishman; "but jealousy comes after love, and not before it. I am not in love; I am only haunted. To-morrow evening, then, shall we dine at Philippe's, seven o'clock?"

"With all my heart," said Lemercier; "and you too, Alain."

"Thank you, no," said the Marquis, briefly; and he rose, drew on his gloves, and took up his hat.

At these signals of departure, the Englishman, who did not want tact nor delicacy, thought that he had made himself *de trop* in the *tête-à-tête* of two friends of the same age and nation; and catching up his paletot, said, hastily, "No, Marquis, do not go yet, and leave our host in solitude; for I have an engagement which presses, and only looked in at Lemercier's for a moment, seeing the light at his windows. Permit me to hope that our acquaintance will not drop, and inform me where I may have the honor to call on you."

"Nay," said the Marquis; "I claim the right of a native to pay my respects first to the foreigner who visits our capital, and," he added in a lower tone, "who speaks so nobly of those who revere its exiles."

The Englishman saluted, and walked slowly toward the door; but on reaching the threshold, turned back and made a sign to Lemercier, unperceived by Alain.

Frederic understood the sign, and followed Graham Vane into the adjoining room, closing the door as he passed.

"My dear Lemercier, of course I should not have intruded on you at this hour on a mere visit of ceremony. I called to say that the Mademoiselle Duval whose address you sent me is not the right one—not the lady whom, knowing your wide range of acquaintance, I asked you to aid me in finding out."

"Not the right Duval? *Diable!* she answered your description exactly."

"Not at all."

"You said she was very pretty and young—under twenty."

"You forgot that I said she deserved that description twenty-one years ago."

"Ah, so you did; but some ladies are always young. 'Age,' says a wit in the *Figaro*, 'is a river which the women compel to reascend to its source when it has flowed onward more than twenty years.' Never mind—*soyez tranquille*—I will find your Duval yet if she is to be found. But why could not the friend who commissioned you to inquire choose a name less common? Duval! every street in Paris has a shop door over which is inscribed the name of Duval."

"Quite true, there is the difficulty; however, my dear Lemercier, pray continue to look out for a Louise Duval who was young and pretty twenty-one years ago—this search ought to interest me more than that which I intrusted to you to-night respecting the pearly-robed lady: for in the last I but gratify my own whim; in the first I discharge a promise to a friend. You, so perfect a Frenchman, know the difference; honor is engaged to the first. Be sure you let me know if you find any other Madame or Mademoiselle Duval; and of course you remember your promise not to mention to any one the commission of inquiry you so kindly undertake. I congratulate you on your friendship for M. de Rochebriant. What a noble countenance and manner!"

Lemercier returned to the Marquis. "Such a pity you can't dine with us to-morrow. I fear you made but a poor dinner to-day. But it is always better to arrange the *menu* beforehand. I will send to Philippe's to-morrow. Do not be afraid."

The Marquis paused a moment, and on his young face a proud struggle was visible. At last he said, bluntly and manfully,

"My dear Frederic, your world and mine are not and can not be the same. Why should I be ashamed to own to my old school-fellow that I am poor—very poor; that the dinner I have shared with you to-day is to me a criminal extravagance? I lodge in a single chamber on the fourth story; I dine off a single *plat* at a small *restaurateur's;* the utmost income I can allow to myself does not exceed five thousand francs a year: my fortunes I can not hope much to improve. In his own country Alain de Rochebriant has no career."

Lemercier was so astonished by this confession that he remained for some moments silent, eyes and mouth both wide open; at length he sprang up, embraced his friend, well-nigh sobbing, and exclaimed "*Tant mieux pour moi!* You must take your lodging with me. I have a charming bedroom to spare. Don't say no. It will raise my own position to say I and Rochebriant keep house together. It must be so. Come here to-morrow. As for not having a career—bah! I and Duplessis will settle that. You shall be a *millionaire* in two years. Meanwhile we will join capitals: I my paltry notes, you your grand name. Settled!"

"My dear, dear Frederic," said the young noble, deeply affected, "on reflection you will see what you propose is impossible. Poor I may be without dishonor; live at another man's cost I can not do without baseness. It does not require to be *gentilhomme* to feel that: it is enough to be a Frenchman. Come and see me when you can spare the time. There is my address. You are the only man in Paris to whom I shall be at home. *Au revoir.*" And breaking away from Lemercier's clasp, the Marquis hurried off.

CHAPTER III.

ALAIN reached the house in which he lodged. Externally a fine house, it had been the hotel of a great family in the old *régime*. On the first floor were still superb apartments, with ceilings painted by Le Brun, with walls on which the thick silks still seemed fresh. These rooms were occupied by a rich *agent de change;* but, like all such ancient palaces, the upper stories were wretchedly defective, even in the comforts which poor men demand nowadays: a back staircase, narrow, dirty, never lighted, dark as Erebus, led to the room occupied by the Marquis, which might be naturally occupied by a needy student or a virtuous *grisette*. But there was to him a charm in that old hotel, and the richest *locataire* therein was not treated with a respect so ceremonious as that which attended the lodger on the fourth story. The porter and his wife were Bretons; they came from the village of Rochebriant; they had known Alain's parents in their young days; it was their kinsman who had recommended him to the hotel which they served: so, when he paused at the lodge for his key, which he had left there, the porter's wife was in waiting for his return, and insisted on lighting him up stairs and seeing to his fire, for after a warm day the night had turned to that sharp biting cold which is more trying in Paris than even in London.

The old woman, running up the stairs before him, opened the door of his room, and busied herself at the fire. "Gently, my good Martha," said he; "that log suffices. I have been extravagant to-day, and must pinch for it."

"*M. le Marquis* jests," said the old woman, laughing.

"No, Martha; I am serious. I have sinned, but I shall reform. *Entre nous*, my dear friend, Paris is very dear when one sets one's foot out-of-doors: I must soon go back to Rochebriant."

"When *M. le Marquis* goes back to Rochebriant he must take with him a *Madame la Marquise*—some pretty angel with a suitable *dot*."

"A *dot* suitable to the ruins of Rochebriant would not suffice to repair them, Martha: give me my dressing-gown, and good-night."

"*Bon repos, M. le Marquis! beaux rêves, et bel avenir.*"

"*Bel avenir!*" murmured the young man, bitterly, leaning his cheek on his hand; "what fortune fairer than the present can be mine? yet inaction in youth is more keenly felt than in age. How lightly I should endure poverty if it brought poverty's ennobling companion, Labor—denied to me! Well, well; I must go back to the old rock: on this ocean there is no sail, not even an oar, for me."

Alain de Rochebriant had not been reared to the expectation of poverty. The only son of a father whose estates were large beyond those of most nobles in modern France, his destined heritage seemed not unsuitable to his illustrious birth. Educated at a provincial academy, he had been removed at the age of sixteen to Rochebriant, and lived there simply and lonelily enough, but still in a sort of feudal state, with an aunt, an elder and unmarried sister to his father.

His father he never saw but twice after leaving college. That brilliant *seigneur* visited France but rarely, for very brief intervals, residing wholly abroad. To him went all the revenues of Rochebriant save what sufficed for the *ménage* of his son and his sister. It was the cherished belief of these two loyal natures that the Marquis secretly devoted his fortune to the cause of the Bourbons—how, they knew not, though they often amused themselves by conjecturing; and the young man, as he grew up, nursed the hope that he should soon hear that the descendant of Henri Quatre had crossed the frontier on a white charger and hoisted the old gonfalon with its *fleur-de-lis*. Then, indeed, his own career would be opened, and the sword of the Kerouecs drawn from its sheath. Day after day he expected to hear of revolts, of which his noble father was doubtless the soul. But the Marquis, though a sincere Legitimist, was by no means an enthusiastic fanatic. He was simply a very proud, a very polished, a very luxurious, and, though not without the kindliness and generosity which were common attributes of the old French *noblesse*, a very selfish *grand seigneur*.

Losing his wife (who died the first year of marriage in giving birth to Alain) while he was yet very young, he had lived a frank libertine life until he fell submissive under the despotic yoke of a Russian princess, who, for some mysterious reason, never visited her own country, and obstinately refused to reside in France. She was fond of travel, and moved yearly from London to Naples, Naples to Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Seville, Carlsbad, Baden-Baden—any where for caprice or change, except Paris. This fair wanderer succeeded in chaining to herself the heart and the steps of the Marquis de Rochebriant.

She was very rich; she lived semi-royally. Hers was just the house in which it suited the Marquis to be the *enfant gâté*. I suspect that, cat-like, his attachment was rather to the house than to the person of his mistress. Not that he was domiciled with the princess; that would have been somewhat too much against the proprieties, greatly too much against the Marquis's notions of his own dignity. He had his own carriage, his own apartments, his own *suite*, as became so grand a *seigneur*, and the lover of so grand a *dame*. His estates, mortgaged before he came to them, yielded no income sufficient for his wants; he mortgaged deeper and deeper, year after year, till he could mortgage them no more. He sold his hotel at Paris—he accepted without scruple his sister's fortune—he borrowed with equal *sang-froid* the two hundred thousand francs which his son on coming of age inherited from his mother. Alain yielded that fortune to him without a murmur—nay, with pride; he thought it destined to go toward raising a regiment for the *fleur-de-lis*.

To do the Marquis justice, he was fully persuaded that he should shortly restore to his sister and son what he so recklessly took from them. He was engaged to be married to his princess so soon as her own husband died. She had been separated from the prince for many years, and every year it was said he could not last a year longer. But he completed the measure of his conjugal iniquities by continuing to live; and one day, by mistake, Death robbed the lady of the Marquis instead of the prince.

This was an accident which the Marquis had never counted upon. He was still young enough to consider himself young; in fact, one principal reason for keeping Alain secluded in Brittany was his reluctance to introduce into the world a son "as old as myself," he would say, pathetically. The news of his death, which happened at Baden after a short attack of bronchitis caught in a supper *al fresco* at the old castle, was duly transmitted to Rochebriant by the princess; and the shock to Alain and his aunt was the greater because they had seen so little of the departed that they regarded him as a heroic myth, an impersonation of ancient chivalry, condemning himself to voluntary exile rather than do homage to usurpers. But from their grief they were soon roused by the terrible doubt whether Rochebriant could still be retained in the family. Besides the mortgagees, creditors from half the capitals in Europe sent in their claims; and all the movable effects transmitted to Alain by his father's confidential Italian valet, except sundry carriages and horses which were sold at Baden for what they would fetch, were a magnificent dressing-case, in the secret drawer of which were some bank-notes amounting to thirty thousand francs, and three large boxes containing the Marquis's correspondence, a few miniature female portraits, and a great many locks of hair.

Wholly unprepared for the ruin that stared him in the face, the young Marquis evinced the natural strength of his character by the calmness with which he met the danger, and the intelligence with which he calculated and reduced it.

By the help of the family notary in the neighboring town, he made himself master of his liabilities and his means; and he found that, after paying all debts and providing for the interest of the mortgages, a property which ought to have realized a rental of £10,000 a year, yielded not more than £400. Nor was even this margin safe, nor the property out of peril; for the principal mortgagee, who was a capitalist in Paris, named Louvier, having had during the life of the late Marquis more than once to wait for his half-yearly interest longer than suited his patience—and his patience was not enduring—plainly declared that if the same delay recurred he should put his right of seizure in force; and in France, still more than in England, bad seasons seriously affect the security of rents. To pay away £9600 a year regularly out of £10,000, with the penalty of forfeiting the whole if not paid, whether crops may fail, farmers procrastinate, and timber fall in price, is to live with the sword of Damocles over one's head.

For two years and more, however, Alain met his difficulties with prudence and vigor; he retrenched the establishment hitherto kept at the château, resigned such rural pleasures as he had been accustomed to indulge, and lived like one of his petty farmers. But the risks of the future remained undiminished.

"There is but one way, *Monsieur le Marquis*," said the family notary, M. Hébert, "by which you can put your estate in comparative safety. Your father raised his mortgages from time to time, as he wanted money, and often at interest above the average market interest. You may add considerably to your income by consolidating all these mortgages into one at a lower percentage, and in so doing pay off this formidable mortgagee, M. Louvier, who, I shrewdly suspect, is bent upon becoming the proprietor of Rochebriant. Unfortunately those few portions of your land which were but lightly charged, and, lying contiguous to small proprietors, were coveted by them, and could be advantageously sold, are already gone to pay the debts of monsieur the late Marquis. There are, however, two small farms which, bordering close on the town of S——, I think I could dispose of for building purposes at high rates; but these lands are covered by Monsieur Louvier's general mortgage, and he has refused to release them unless the whole debt be paid. Were that debt, therefore, transferred to another mortgagee, we might stipulate for their exception, and in so doing secure a sum of more than 100,000 francs, which you could keep in reserve for a pressing or unforeseen occasion, and make the nucleus of a capital devoted to the gradual liquidation of the charges on the estate. For with a little capital, *Monsieur le Marquis*, your rent-roll might be very greatly increased, the forests and orchards improved, those meadows round S—— drained and irrigated. Agriculture is beginning to be understood in Bretagne, and your estate would soon double its value in the hands of a spirited capitalist. My advice to you, therefore, is to go to Paris, employ a good *avoué*, practiced in such branch of his profession, to negotiate the consolidation of your mortgages upon terms that will enable you to sell outlying portions, and so pay off the charge by installments agreed upon; to see if some safe company or rich individual can be found to undertake for a term of years the management of your forests, the draining of the S—— meadows, the superintendence of your fisheries, etc. They, it is true, will monopolize the profits for many years—perhaps twenty; but you are a young man; at the end of that time you will re-enter on your estate with a rental so improved that the mortgages, now so awful, will seem to you comparatively trivial."

In pursuance of this advice, the young Marquis had come to Paris fortified with a letter from M. Hébert to an *avoué* of eminence, and with many letters from his aunt to the nobles of the Faubourg connected with his house. Now one reason why M. Hébert had urged his client to undertake this important business in person, rather than volunteer his own services in Paris, was somewhat extra-professional. He had a sincere and profound affection for Alain; he felt compassion for that young life so barrenly wasted in seclusion and severe privations; he respected, but was too practical a man of business to share, those chivalrous sentiments of loyalty to an exiled dynasty which disqualified the man for the age he lived in, and, if not greatly modified, would cut him off from the hopes and aspirations of his eager generation. He thought plausibly enough that the air of the grand metropolis was necessary to the mental health, enfeebled and withering amidst the feudal mists of Bretagne; that once in Paris, Alain would imbibe the ideas of Paris, adapt himself to some career leading to honor and to fortune, for which he took facilities from his high birth, a historical name too national for any dynasty not to welcome among its adherents, and an intellect not yet sharpened by contact and competition with others, but in itself vigorous, habituated to thought, and vivified by the noble aspirations which belong to imaginative natures.

At the least, Alain would be at Paris in the social position which would afford him the opportunities of a marriage in which his birth and rank would be readily accepted as an equivalent to some ample fortune that would serve to redeem the endangered *seigneuries*. He therefore warned Alain that the affair for which he went to Paris might be tedious, that lawyers were always slow, and advised him to calculate on remaining several months, perhaps a year; delicately suggesting that his rearing hitherto had been too secluded for his age and rank, and that a year at Paris, even if he failed in the object which took him there, would not be thrown away in the knowledge of men and things that would fit him better to grapple with his difficulties on his return.

Alain divided his spare income between his aunt and himself, and had come to Paris resolutely determined to live within the £200 a year which remained to his share. He felt the revolution in his whole being which commenced when out of sight of the petty principality in which he was the object of that feudal reverence, still surviving in the more unfrequented parts of Bretagne, for the representatives of illustrious names connected with the immemorial legends of the province.

The very bustle of a railway, with its crowd and quickness and unceremonious democracy of travel, served to pain and confound and humiliate that sense of individual dignity in which he had been nurtured. He felt that, once away from Rochebriant, he was but a cipher in the sum of human beings. Arrived at Paris, and reaching the gloomy hotel to which he had been recommended, he greeted even the desolation of that solitude which is usually so oppressive to a stranger in the metropolis of his native land. Loneliness was better than the loss of self in the reek and pressure of an unfamiliar throng. For the first few days he had wandered over Paris without calling even on the *avoué* to whom M. Hébert had directed him. He felt with the instinctive acuteness of a mind which, under sounder training, would have achieved no mean distinction, that it was a safe precaution to imbue himself with the atmosphere of the place, seize on those general ideas which in great capitals are so contagious that they are often more accurately caught by the first impressions than by subsequent habit, before he brought his mind into contact with those of the individuals he had practically to deal with.

At last he repaired to the *avoué*, M. Gandrin, Rue St. Florentin. He had mechanically formed his idea of the abode and person of an *avoué* from his association with M. Hébert. He expected to find a dull house in a dull street near the centre of business, remote from the haunts of idlers, and a grave man of unpretending exterior and matured years.

He arrived at a hotel newly fronted, richly decorated, in the fashionable *quartier* close by the Tuileries. He entered a wide *porte cochère*, and was directed by the *concierge* to mount *au premier*. There, first detained in an office faultlessly neat, with spruce young men at smart desks, he was at length admitted into a noble *salon*, and into the presence of a gentleman lounging in an easy-chair before a magnificent bureau of *marqueterie, genre Louis Seize*, engaged in patting a white curly lap-dog with a pointed nose and a shrill bark.

The gentleman rose politely on his entrance, and released the dog, who, after sniffing the Marquis, condescended not to bite.

"*Monsieur le Marquis*," said M. Gandrin, glancing at the card and the introductory note from M. Hébert, which Alain had sent in, and which lay on the *secrétaire* beside heaps of letters nicely arranged and labeled, "charmed to make the honor of your acquaintance; just arrived at Paris? So M. Hébert—a very worthy person whom I have never seen, but with whom I have had correspondence—tells me you wish for my advice; in fact, he wrote to me some days ago, mentioning the business in question—consolidation of mortgages. A very large sum wanted, *Monsieur le Marquis*, and not to be had easily."

"Nevertheless," said Alain, quietly, "I should imagine that there must be many capitalists in Paris willing to invest in good securities at fair interest."

"You are mistaken, Marquis; very few such capitalists. Men worth money nowadays like quick returns and large profits, thanks to the magnificent system of *Crédit Mobilier*, in which, as you are aware, a man may place his money in any trade or speculation without liabilities beyond his share. Capitalists are nearly all traders or speculators."

"Then," said the Marquis, half rising, "I am to presume, Sir, that you are not likely to assist me."

"No, I don't say that, Marquis. I will look with care into the matter. Doubtless you have with you an abstract of the necessary documents, the conditions of the present mortgages, the rental of the estate, its probable prospects, and so forth."

"Sir, I have such an abstract with me at Paris; and having gone into it myself with M. Hébert, I can pledge you my word that it is strictly faithful to the facts."

The Marquis said this with *naïve* simplicity, as if his word were quite sufficient to set that part of the question at rest.

M. Gandrin smiled politely and said, "*Eh bien, M. le Marquis:* favor me with the abstract; in a week's time you shall have my opinion. You enjoy Paris? Greatly improved under the Emperor; the *salons*, indeed, are hardly open yet. *A propos*, Madame Gandrin receives to-morrow evening; allow me that opportunity to present you to her."

Unprepared for the proffered hospitality, the Marquis had no option but to murmur his gratification and assent.

In a minute more he was in the streets. The next evening he went to Madame Gandrin's—a brilliant reception—a whole moving flower bed of "decorations" there. Having gone through the ceremony of presentation to Madame Gandrin—a handsome woman dressed to perfection, and conversing with the secretary to an embassy—the young noble ensconced himself in an obscure and quiet corner, observing all, and imagining that he escaped observation. And as the young men of his own years glided by him, or as their talk reached his ears, he became aware that from top to toe, within and without, he was old-fashioned, obsolete, not of his race, not of his day. His rank itself seemed to him a waste-paper title-deed to a heritage long lapsed. Not thus the princely *seigneurs* of Rochebriant made their *début* at the capital of their nation. They had had the *entrée* to the cabinets of their kings; they had glittered in the halls of Versailles; they had held high posts of distinction in court and camp; the great Order of St. Louis had seemed their hereditary appanage. His father, though a voluntary exile in manhood, had been in childhood a king's page, and throughout life remained the associate of princes; and here, in an *avoué's soirée*, unknown, unregarded, an expectant on an *avoué's* patronage, stood the last lord of Rochebriant.

It is easy to conceive that Alain did not stay long. But he staid long enough to convince him that on £200 a year the polite society of Paris, even as seen at M. Gandrin's, was not for him. Nevertheless, a day or two after, he resolved to call upon the nearest of his kinsmen to whom his aunt had given him letters. With the Count de Vandemar, one of his fellow-nobles of the sacred Faubourg, he should be no less Rochebriant, whether in a garret or a palace. The Vandemars, in fact, though for many generations before the First Revolution a puissant and brilliant family, had always recognized the Rochebriants as the head of their house—the trunk from which they had been slipped in the fifteenth century, when a younger son of the Rochebriants married a wealthy heiress and took the title, with the lands of Vandemar.

Since then the two families had often intermarried. The present Count had a reputation for ability, was himself a large proprietor, and might furnish advice to guide him with M. Gandrin. The Hôtel de Vandemar stood facing the old Hôtel de Rochebriant; it was less spacious, but not less venerable, gloomy, and prison-like.

As he turned his eyes from the armorial scutcheon which still rested, though chipped and mouldering, over the portals of his lost ancestral house, and was about to cross the street, two young men, who seemed two or three years older than himself, emerged on horseback from the Hôtel de Vandemar.

Handsome young men, with the lofty look of the old race, dressed with the punctilious care of person which is not foppery in men of birth, but seems part of the self-respect that appertains to the old chivalric point of honor. The horse of one of these cavaliers made a caracole which brought it nearly upon Alain as he was about to cross. The rider, checking his steed, lifted his hat to Alain and uttered a word of apology in the courtesy of ancient high-breeding, but still with condescension as to an inferior. This little incident, and the slighting kind of notice received from coevals of his own birth, and doubtless his own blood—for he divined truly that they were the sons of the Count de Vandemar—disconcerted Alain to a degree which perhaps a Frenchman alone can comprehend. He had even half a mind to give up his visit and turn back. However, his native manhood prevailed over that morbid sensitiveness which, born out of the union of pride and poverty, has all the effects of vanity, and yet is not vanity itself.

The Count was at home, a thin spare man with a narrow but high forehead, and an expression of countenance keen, severe, and *un peu moqueuse*.

He received the Marquis, however, at first with great cordiality, kissed him on both sides of his cheek, called him "cousin," expressed immeasurable regret that the Countess was gone out on one of the missions of charity in which the great ladies of the Faubourg religiously interest themselves, and that his sons had just ridden forth to the Bois.

As Alain, however, proceeded, simply and without false shame, to communicate the object of his visit at Paris, the extent of his liabilities, and the penury of his means, the smile vanished from the Count's face; he somewhat drew back his *fauteuil* in the movement common to men who wish to estrange themselves from some other man's difficulties; and when Alain came to a close, the Count remained some moments seized with a slight cough; and, gazing intently on the carpet, at length he said, "My dear young friend, your father behaved extremely ill to you—dishonorably, fraudulently."

"Hold!" said the Marquis, coloring high. "Those are words no man can apply to my father in my presence."

The Count stared, shrugged his shoulders, and replied, with *sang froid*,

"Marquis, if you are contented with your father's conduct, of course it is no business of mine; he never injured me. I presume, however, that, considering my years and my character, you come to me for advice—is it so?"

Alain bowed his head in assent.

"There are four courses for one in your position to take," said the Count, placing the index of the right hand successively on the thumb and three fingers of the left—"four courses, and no more.

"First. To do as your notary recommended: consolidate your mortgages, patch up your income as you best can, return to Rochebriant, and devote the rest of your existence to the preservation of your property. By that course your life will be one of permanent privation, severe struggle; and the probability is that you will not succeed: there will come one or two bad seasons, the farmers will fail to pay, the mortgagee will foreclose, and you may find yourself, after twenty years of anxiety and torment, prematurely old and without a *sou*.

"Course the second. Rochebriant, though so heavily encumbered as to yield you some such income as your father gave to his *chef de cuisine*, is still one of those superb *terres* which bankers and Jews and stock-jobbers court and hunt after, for which they will give enormous sums. If you place it in good hands, I do not doubt that you could dispose of the property within three months, on terms that would leave you a considerable surplus, which, invested with judgment, would afford you whereon you could live at Paris in a way suitable to your rank and age.—Need we go further? Does this course smile to you?"

"Pass on, Count; I will defend to the last what I take from my ancestors, and can not voluntarily sell their roof-tree and their tombs."

"Your name would still remain, and you would be just as well received in Paris, and your *noblesse* just as implicitly conceded, if all Judæa encamped upon Rochebriant. Consider how few of us *gentilshommes* of the old *régime* have any domains left to us. Our names alone survive; no revolution can efface *them*."

"It may be so, but pardon me; there are subjects on which we can not reason—we can but feel. Rochebriant may be torn from me, but I can not yield it."

"I proceed to the third course. Keep the château and give up its traditions; remain *de facto* Marquis of Rochebriant, but accept the new order of things. Make yourself known to the people in power. They will be charmed to welcome you;—a convert from the old *noblesse* is a guarantee of stability to the new system. You will be placed in diplomacy; effloresce into an embassador, a minister—and ministers nowadays have opportunities to become enormously rich."

"That course is not less impossible than the last. Till Henry V. formally resign his right to the throne of St. Louis, I can be servant to no other man seated on that throne."

"Such, too, is my creed," said the Count, "and I cling to it; but my estate is not mortgaged, and I have neither the tastes nor the age for public employments. The last course is perhaps better than the rest; at all events, it is the easiest. A wealthy marriage, even if it must be a *mésalliance*. I think at your age, with your appearance, that your name is worth at least two million francs in the eyes of a rich *roturier* with an ambitious daughter."

"Alas!" said the young man, rising, "I see I shall have to go back to Rochebriant. I can not sell my castle, I can not sell my creed, and I can not sell my name and myself."

"The last all of us did in the old *régime*, Marquis. Though I still retain the title of Vandemar, my property comes from the Farmer-General's daughter, whom my great-grandfather, happily for us, married in the days of Louis Quinze. Marriages with people of sense and rank have always been *mariages de convenance* in France. It is only in *le petit monde* that men having nothing marry girls having nothing, and I don't believe they are a bit the happier for it. On the contrary, the quarrels *de ménage* leading to frightful crimes appear by the '*Gazette des Tribunaux*' to be chiefly found among those who do not sell themselves at the altar."

The old Count said this with a grim *persiflage*. He was a Voltairian.

Voltairianism deserted by the modern Liberals of France has its chief cultivation nowadays among the wits of the old *régime*. They pick up its light weapons on the battle-field on which their fathers perished, and re-feather against the *canaille* the shafts which had been pointed against the *noblesse*.

"Adieu, Count," said Alain, rising; "I do not thank you less for your advice because I have not the wit to profit by it."

"*Au revoir*, my cousin; you will think better of it when you have been a month or two at Paris. By-the-way, my wife receives every Wednesday; consider our house yours."

"Count, can I enter into the world which *Madame la Comtesse* receives, in the way that becomes my birth, on the income I take from my fortune?"

The Count hesitated. "No," said he at last, frankly; "not because you will be less welcome or less respected, but because I see that you have all the pride and sensitiveness of a *seigneur de province*. Society would therefore give you pain, not pleasure. More than this, I know by the remembrance of my own youth, and the sad experience of my own sons, that you would be irresistibly led into debt, and debt in your circumstances would be the loss of Rochebriant. No; I invite you to visit us. I offer you the most select but not the most brilliant circles of Paris, because my wife is religious, and frightens away the birds of gay plumage with the scarecrows of priests and bishops. But if you accept my invitation and my offer, I am bound, as an old man of the world to a young kinsman, to say that the chances are that you will be ruined."

"I thank you, Count, for your candor; and I now acknowledge that I have found a relation and a guide," answered the Marquis, with a nobility of mien that was not without a pathos which touched the hard heart of the old man.

"Come at least whenever you want a sincere if a rude friend;" and though he did not kiss his cousin's cheek this time, he gave him, with more sincerity, a parting shake of the hand.

And these made the principal events in Alain's Paris life till he met Frederic Lemercier. Hitherto he had received no definite answer from M. Gandrin, who had postponed an interview, not having had leisure to make himself master of all the details in the abstract sent to him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day, toward the afternoon, Frederic Lemercier, somewhat breathless from the rapidity at which he had ascended to so high an eminence, burst into Alain's chamber.

"*Pr-r! mon cher;* what superb exercise for the health—how it must strengthen the muscles and expand the chest; after this who should shrink from scaling Mont Blanc?—Well, well. I have been meditating on your business ever since we parted. But I would fain know more of its details. You shall confide them to me as we drive through the Bois. My *coupé* is below, and the day is beautiful. Come."

To the young Marquis, the gayety, the heartiness of his college friend were a cordial. How different from the dry counsels of the Count de Vandemar! Hope, though vaguely, entered into his heart. Willingly he accepted Frederic's invitation, and the young men were soon rapidly borne along the Champs Elysées. As briefly as he could Alain described the state of his affairs, the nature of his mortgages, and the result of his interview with M. Gandrin.

Frederic listened attentively. "Then Gandrin has given you as yet no answer?"

"None: but I have a note from him this morning asking me to call to-morrow."

"After you have seen him, decide on nothing—if he makes you any offer. Get back your abstract, or a copy of it, and confide it to me. Gandrin ought to help you; he transacts affairs in a large way. *Belle clientèle* among the *millionnaires*. But his clients expect fabulous profits, and so does he. As for your principal mortgagee, Louvier, you know of course who he is."

"No, except that M. Hébert told me that he was very rich."

"Rich—I should think so; one of the Kings of Finance. Ah! observe those young men on horseback."

Alain looked forth and recognized the two cavaliers whom he had conjectured to be the sons of the Count de Vandemar.

"Those *beaux garçons* are fair specimens of your Faubourg," said Frederic; "they would decline my acquaintance because my grandfather kept a shop, and they keep a shop between them!"

"A shop—I am mistaken, then. Who are they?"

"Raoul and Enguerrand, sons of that mocker of man, the Count de Vandemar."

"And they keep a shop! you are jesting."

"A shop at which you may buy gloves and perfumes, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. Of course they don't serve at the counter; they only invest their pocket-money in the speculation, and in so doing—treble at least their pocket-money, buy their horses, and keep their grooms."

"Is it possible! nobles of such birth! How shocked the Count would be if he knew it!"

"Yes, very much shocked if he was supposed to know it. But he is too wise a father not to give his sons limited allowances and unlimited liberty, especially the liberty to add to the allowances as they please. Look again at them; no better riders and more affectionate brothers since the date of Castor and Pollux. Their tastes, indeed, differ: Raoul is religious and moral, melancholy and dignified; Enguerrand is a lion of the first water—*élégant* to the tips of his nails. These demigods are nevertheless very mild to mortals. Though Enguerrand is the best pistol-shot in Paris, and Raoul the best fencer, the first is so good-tempered that you would be a brute to quarrel with him; the last so true a Catholic that if you quarreled with him you need fear not his sword. He would not die in the committal of what the Church holds a mortal sin."

"Are you speaking ironically? Do you mean to imply that men of the name of Vandemar are not brave?"

"On the contrary, I believe that, though masters of their weapons, they are too brave to abuse their skill; and I must add that, though they are sleeping partners in a shop, they would not cheat you of a farthing.—Benign stars on earth, as Castor and Pollux were in heaven."

"But partners in a shop!"

"Bah! when a minister himself, like the late M. de M——, kept a shop, and added the profits of *bonbons* to his revenue, you may form some idea of the spirit of the age. If young nobles are not generally sleeping partners in shops, still they are more or less adventurers in commerce. The *Bourse* is the profession of those who have no other profession. You have visited the *Bourse?*"

"No."

"No! this is just the hour; we have time yet for the Bois.—Coachman, drive to the *Bourse*."

"The fact is," resumed Frederic, "that gambling is one of the wants of civilized men. The *rouge-et-noir* and *roulette* tables are forbidden—the hells closed; but the passion for making money without working for it must have its vent, and that vent is the *Bourse*. As instead of a hundred wax-lights you now have one jet of gas, so instead of a hundred hells you have now one *Bourse*, and—it is exceedingly convenient; always at hand; no discredit being seen there, as it was to be seen at Frascati's—on the contrary, at once respectable, and yet the *mode*."

The *coupé* stops at the *Bourse*, our friends mount the steps, glide through the pillars, deposit their canes at a place destined to guard them, and the marquis follows Frederic up a flight of stairs till he gains the open gallery round a vast hall below. Such a din! such a clamor! disputatious, wrangling, wrathful.

Here Lemercier distinguished some friends, whom he joined for a few minutes.

Alain, left alone, looked down into the hall. He thought himself in some stormy scene of the First Revolution. An English contested election in the market-place of a borough when the candidates are running close on each other, the result doubtful, passions excited, the whole borough in civil war, is peaceful compared to the scene at the *Bourse*.

Bulls and bears screaming, bawling, gesticulating, as if one were about to strangle the other; the whole, to an uninitiated eye, a confusion, a Babel, which it seems absolutely impossible to reconcile to the notion of quiet mercantile transactions, the purchase and sale of shares and stocks. As Alain gazed bewildered, he felt himself gently touched, and, looking round, saw the Englishman.

"A lively scene!" whispered Mr. Vane. "This is the heart of Paris: it beats very loudly."

"Is your *Bourse* in London like this?"

"I can not tell you; at our Exchange the general public are not admitted; the privileged priests of that temple sacrifice their victims in closed penetralia, beyond which the sounds made in the operation do not travel to ears profane. But had we an Exchange like this open to all the world, and placed, not in a region of our metropolis unknown to fashion, but in some elegant square in St. James's or at Hyde Park Corner, I suspect that our national character would soon undergo a great change, and that all our idlers and sporting men would make their books there every day, instead of waiting long months in *ennui* for the Doncaster and the Derby. At present we have but few men on the turf; we should then have few men not on Exchange, especially if we adopt your law, and can contrive to be traders without risk of becoming bankrupts. Napoleon I. called us a shop-keeping nation. Napoleon III. has taught France to excel us in every thing, and certainly he has made Paris a shop-keeping city."

Alain thought of Raoul and Enguerrand, and blushed to find that what he considered a blot on his countrymen was so familiarly perceptible to a foreigner's eye.

"And the Emperor has done wisely, at least for the time," continued the Englishman, with a more thoughtful accent. "He has found vent thus for that very dangerous class in Paris society to which the subdivision of property gave birth—viz., the crowd of well-born, daring young men without fortune and without profession. He has opened the *Bourse*, and said, 'There, I give you employment, resource, an *avenir*.' He has cleared the by-ways into commerce and trade, and opened new avenues of wealth to the *noblesse*, whom the great Revolution so unwisely beggared. What other way to rebuild a *noblesse* in France, and give it a chance of power because an access to fortune? But to how many sides of your national character has the *Bourse* of Paris magnetic attraction! You Frenchmen are so brave that you could not be happy without facing danger, so covetous of distinction that you would pine yourselves away without a dash, *coûte que coûte*, at celebrity and a red ribbon. Danger! look below at that arena—there it is; danger daily, hourly. But there also is celebrity; win at the *Bourse*, as of old in a tournament, and paladins smile on you, and ladies give you their scarfs, or, what is much the same, they allow you to buy their *cachemires*. Win at the *Bourse*—what follows? the Chamber, the Senate, the Cross, the Minister's *portefeuille*. I might rejoice in all this for the sake of Europe—could it last, and did it not bring the consequences that follow the demoralization which attends it. The *Bourse* and the *Crédit Mobilier* keep Paris quiet—at least as quiet as it can be. These are the secrets of this reign of splendor; these the two *lions couchants* on which rests the throne of the Imperial reconstructor."

Alain listened surprised and struck. He had not given the Englishman credit for the cast of mind which such reflections evinced.

Here Lemercier rejoined them, and shook hands with Graham Vane, who, taking him aside, said, "But you promised to go to the Bois, and indulge my insane curiosity about the lady in the pearl-colored robe?"

"I have not forgotten; it is not half past two yet; you said three. *Soyez tranquille;* I drive thither from the *Bourse* with Rochebriant."

"Is it necessary to take with you that very good-looking Marquis?"

"I thought you said you were not jealous, because not yet in love. However, if Rochebriant occasions you the pang which your humble servant failed to inflict, I will take care that he do not see the lady."

"No," said the Englishman; "on consideration, I should be very much obliged to any one with whom she would fall in love. That would disenchant me. Take the Marquis by all means."

Meanwhile Alain, again looking down, saw just under him, close by one of the pillars, Lucien Duplessis. He was standing apart from the throng—a small space cleared round himself—and two men who had the air of gentlemen of the *beau monde* with whom he was conferring. Duplessis, thus seen, was not like the Duplessis at the *restaurant*. It would be difficult to explain what the change was, but it forcibly struck Alain: the air was more dignified, the expression keener; there was a look of conscious power and command about the man even at that distance; the intense, concentrated intelligence of his eye, his firm lip, his marked features, his projecting, massive brow—would have impressed a very ordinary observer. In fact, the man was here in his native element—in the field in which his intellect gloried, commanded, and had signalized itself by successive triumphs. Just thus may be the change in the great orator whom you deemed insignificant in a drawing-room, when you see his crest rise above a reverential audience; or the great soldier, who was not distinguishable from the subaltern in a peaceful club, could you see him issuing the order to his aids-de-camp amidst the smoke and roar of the battle-field.

"Ah, Marquis!" said Graham Vane, "are you gazing at Duplessis? He is the modern genius of Paris. He is at once the Cousin, the Guizot, and the Victor Hugo of speculation. Philosophy—Eloquence—audacious Romance—all Literature now is swallowed up in the sublime epic of *Agiotage*, and Duplessis is the poet of the Empire."

"Well said, M. Grarm Varn," cried Frederic, forgetting his recent lesson in English names. "Alain underrates that great man. How could an Englishman appreciate him so well?"

"*Ma foi!*" returned Graham, quietly; "I am studying to think at Paris, in order some day or other to know how to act in London. Time for the Bois. Lemercier, we meet at seven—Philippe's."

CHAPTER V.

"WHAT do you think of the *Bourse?*" asked Lemercier, as their carriage took the way to the Bois.

"I can not think of it yet; I am stunned. It seems to me as if I had been at a *Sabbat*, of which the wizards were *agents de change*, but not less bent upon raising Satan."

"Pooh! the best way to exorcise Satan is to get rich enough not to be tempted by him. The fiend always loved to haunt empty places; and of all places nowadays he prefers empty purses and empty stomachs."

"But do all people get rich at the *Bourse?* or is not one man's wealth many men's ruin?"

"That is a question not very easy to answer; but under our present system Paris gets rich, though at the expense of individual Parisians. I will try and explain. The average luxury is enormously increased even in my experience; what were once considered refinements and fopperies are now called necessary comforts. Prices are risen enormously, house rent doubled within the last five or six years; all articles of luxury are very much dearer; the very gloves I wear cost twenty per cent. more than I used to pay for gloves of the same quality. How the people we meet live, and live so well, is an enigma that would defy Œdipus if Œdipus were not a Parisian. But the main explanation is this: speculation and commerce, with the facilities given to all investments, have really opened more numerous and more rapid ways to fortune than were known a few years ago.

"Crowds are thus attracted to Paris, resolved to venture a small capital in the hope of a large one; they live on that capital, not on their income, as gamesters do. There is an idea among us that it is necessary to seem rich in order to become rich. Thus there is a general extravagance and profusion. English *milords* marvel at our splendor. Those who, while spending their capital as their income, fail in their schemes of fortune, after one, two, three, or four years—vanish. What becomes of them, I know no more than I do what becomes of the old moons. Their place is immediately supplied by new candidates. Paris is thus kept perennially sumptuous and splendid by the gold it ingulfs. But then some men succeed—succeed prodigiously, preternaturally; they make colossal fortunes, which are magnificently expended. They set an example of show and pomp, which is of course the more contagious because so many men say, 'The other day those *millionnaires* were as poor as we are; they never economized; why should we?' Paris is thus doubly enriched—by the fortunes it swallows up, and by the fortunes it casts up; the last being always reproductive, and the first never lost except to the individuals."

"I understand: but what struck me forcibly at the scene we have left was the number of young men there; young men whom I should judge by their appearance to be gentlemen, evidently not mere spectators—eager, anxious, with tablets in their hands. That old or middle-aged men should find a zest in the pursuit of gain I can understand, but youth and avarice seem to me a new combination, which Molière never divined in his *Avare*."

"Young men, especially if young gentlemen, love pleasure; and pleasure in this city is very dear. This explains why so many young men frequent the *Bourse*. In the old gaming-tables, now suppressed, young men were the majority; in the days of your chivalrous forefathers, it was the young nobles, not the old, who would stake their very mantles and swords on a cast of the die. And naturally enough, *mon cher;* for is not youth the season of hope, and is not hope the goddess of gaming, whether at *rouge et noir* or the *Bourse?*"

Alain felt himself more and more behind his generation. The acute reasoning of Lemercier humbled his *amour propre*. At college Lemercier was never considered Alain's equal in ability or book-learning. What a stride beyond his school-fellow had Lemercier now made! How dull and stupid the young provincial felt himself to be, as compared with the easy cleverness and half-sportive philosophy of the Parisian's fluent talk!

He sighed with a melancholy and yet with a generous envy. He had too fine a natural perception not to acknowledge that there is a rank of mind as well as of birth, and in the first he felt that Lemercier might well walk before a Rochebriant; but his very humility was a proof that he underrated himself.

Lemercier did not excel him in mind, but in experience. And just as the drilled soldier seems a much finer fellow than the raw recruit, because he knows how to carry himself, but after a year's discipline the raw recruit may excel in martial air the upright hero whom he now despairingly admires, and never dreams he can rival, so set a mind from a village into the drill of a capital, and see it a year after; it may tower a head higher than its recruiting sergeant.

CHAPTER VI.

"I BELIEVE," said Lemercier, as the *coupé* rolled through the lively alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, "that Paris is built on a loadstone, and that every Frenchman with some iron globules in his blood is irresistibly attracted toward it. The English never seem to feel for London the passionate devotion that we feel for Paris. On the contrary, the London middle class, the commercialists, the shop-keepers, the clerks, even the superior artisans compelled to do their business in the capital, seem always scheming and pining to have their home out of it, though but in a suburb."

"You have been in London, Frederic?"

"Of course; it is the *mode* to visit that dull and hideous metropolis."

"If it be dull and hideous, no wonder the people who are compelled to do business in it seek the pleasures of home out of it."

"It is very droll that, though the middle class entirely govern the melancholy Albion, it is the only country in Europe in which the middle class seem to have no amusements; nay, they legislate against amusement. They have no leisure day but Sunday; and on that day they close all their theatres—even their museums and picture-galleries. What amusements there may be in England are for the higher classes and the lowest."

"What are the amusements of the lowest class?"

"Getting drunk."

"Nothing else?"

"Yes. I was taken at night under protection of a policeman to some *cabarets*, where I found crowds of that class which is the stratum below the working class; lads who sweep crossings and hold horses, mendicants, and, I was told, thieves, girls whom a servant-maid would not speak to—very merry—dancing quadrilles and waltzes, and regaling themselves on sausages—the happiest-looking folks I found in all London—and, I must say, conducting themselves very decently."

"Ah!" Here Lemercier pulled the check-string. "Will you object to a walk in this quiet alley? I see some one whom I have promised the Englishman to— But heed me, Alain; don't fall in love with her."

CHAPTER VII.

THE lady in the pearl-colored dress! Certainly it was a face that might well arrest the eye and linger long on the remembrance.

There are certain "beauty-women," as there are certain "beauty-men," in whose features one detects no fault—who are the show figures of any assembly in which they appear—but who, somehow or other, inspire no sentiment and excite no interest; they lack some expression, whether of mind, or of soul, or of heart, without which the most beautiful face is but a beautiful picture. This lady was not one of those "beauty-women." Her features taken singly were by no means perfect, nor were they set off by any brilliancy of coloring. But the countenance aroused and impressed the imagination with a belief that there was some history attached to it which you longed to learn. The hair, simply parted over a forehead unusually spacious and high for a woman, was of lustrous darkness; the eyes, of a deep violet blue, were shaded with long lashes.

Their expression was soft and mournful, but unobservant. She did not notice Alain and Lemercier as the two men slowly passed her. She seemed abstracted, gazing into space as one absorbed in thought or reverie. Her complexion was clear and pale, and apparently betokened delicate health.

Lemercier seated himself on a bench beside the path, and invited Alain to do the same. "She will return this way soon," said the Parisian, "and we can observe her more attentively and more respectfully thus seated than if we were on foot; meanwhile, what do you think of her? Is she French—is she Italian?—can she be English?"

"I should have guessed Italian, judging by the darkness of her hair and the outline of the features; but do Italians have so delicate a fairness of complexion?"

"Very rarely; and I should guess her to be French, judging by the intelligence of her expression, the simple neatness of her dress, and by that nameless refinement of air in which a *Parisienne* excels all the descendants of Eve—if it were not for her eyes. I never saw a Frenchwoman with eyes of that peculiar shade of blue; and if a Frenchwoman had such eyes, I flatter myself she would have scarcely allowed us to pass without making some use of them."

"Do you think she is married?" asked Alain.

"I hope so—for a girl of her age, if *comme il faut*, can scarcely walk alone in the Bois, and would not have acquired that look so intelligent—more than intelligent—so poetic."

"But regard that air of unmistakable distinction, regard that expression of face—so pure, so virginal: *comme il faut* she must be."

As Alain said these last words, the lady, who had turned back, was approaching them, and in full view of their gaze. She seemed unconscious of their existence as before, and Lemercier noticed that her lips moved as if she were murmuring inaudibly to herself.

She did not return again, but continued her walk straight on till at the end of the alley she entered a carriage in waiting for her, and was driven off.

"Quick, quick!" cried Lemercier, running toward his own *coupé;* "we must give chase."

Alain followed somewhat less hurriedly, and, agreeably to instructions Lemercier had already given to his coachman, the Parisian's *coupé* set off at full speed in the track of the strange lady's, which was still in sight.

In less than twenty minutes the carriage in chase stopped at the *grille* of one of those charming little villas to be found in the pleasant suburb of A——; a porter emerged from the lodge, opened the gate; the carriage drove in, again stopped at the door of the house, and the two gentlemen could not catch even a glimpse of the lady's robe as she descended from the carriage and disappeared within the house.

"I see a *café* yonder," said Lemercier; "let us learn all we can as to the fair unknown, over a *sorbet* or a *petit verre*."

Alain silently, but not reluctantly, consented. He felt in the fair stranger an interest new to his existence.

They entered the little *café*, and in a few minutes Lemercier, with the easy *savoir vivre* of a Parisian, had extracted from the *garçon* as much as probably any one in the neighborhood knew of the inhabitants of the villa.

It had been hired and furnished about two months previously in the name of Signora Venosta; but according to the report of the servants, the lady appeared to be the *gouvernante* or guardian of a lady much younger, out of whose income the villa was rented and the household maintained.

It was for her the *coupé* was hired from Paris. The elder lady very rarely stirred out during the day, but always accompanied the younger in any evening visits to the theatre or the houses of friends.

It was only within the last few weeks that such visits had been made.

The younger lady was in delicate health, and under the care of an English physician famous for skill in the treatment of pulmonary complaints. It was by his advice that she took daily walking exercise in the Bois. The establishment consisted of three servants, all Italians, and speaking but imperfect French. The *garçon* did not know whether either of the ladies was married, but their mode of life was free from all scandal or suspicion; they probably belonged to the literary or musical world, as the *garçon* had observed as their visitor the eminent author M. Savarin and his wife, and, still more frequently, an old man not less eminent as a musical composer.

"It is clear to me now," said Lemercier, as the two friends reseated themselves in the carriage, "that our pearly *ange* is some Italian singer of repute enough in her own country to have gained already a competence; and that, perhaps on account of her own health or her friend's, she is living quietly here in the expectation of some professional engagement, or the absence of some foreign lover."

"Lover! do you think that?" exclaimed Alain, in a tone of voice that betrayed pain.

"It is possible enough; and in that case the Englishman may profit little by the information I have promised to give him."

"You have promised the Englishman?"

"Do you not remember last night that he described the lady, and said that her face haunted him: and I—"

"Ah! I remember now. What do you know of this Englishman? He is rich, I suppose."

"Yes, I hear he is very rich now; that an uncle lately left him an enormous sum of money. He was attached to the English Embassy many years ago, which accounts for his good French and his knowledge of Parisian life. He comes to Paris very often, and I have known him some time. Indeed he has intrusted to me a difficult and delicate commission. The English tell me that his father was one of the most eminent members of their Parliament, of ancient birth, very highly connected, but ran out his fortune and died poor; that our friend had for some years to maintain himself, I fancy, by his pen; that he is considered very able; and, now that his uncle has enriched him, likely to enter public life and run a career as distinguished as his father's."

"Happy man! happy are the English," said the Marquis, with a sigh; and as the carriage now entered Paris, he pleaded the excuse of an engagement, bade his friend good-by, and went his way musing through the crowded streets.

CHAPTER VIII.

LETTER FROM ISAURA CICOGNA TO MADAME DE GRANTMESNIL.

“VILLA D'——, A——.

“I can never express to you, my beloved Eulalie, the strange charm which a letter from you throws over my poor little lonely world for days after it is received. There is always in it something that comforts, something that sustains, but also a something that troubles and disquiets me. I suppose Goethe is right, ‘that it is the property of true genius to disturb all settled ideas,’ in order, no doubt, to lift them into a higher level when they settle down again.

“Your sketch of the new work you are meditating amidst the orange groves of Provence interests me intensely; yet, do you forgive me when I add that the interest is not without terror. I do not find myself able to comprehend how, amidst those lovely scenes of nature, your mind voluntarily surrounds itself with images of pain and discord. I stand in awe of the calm with which you subject to your analysis the infirmities of reason and the tumults of passion. And all those laws of the social state which seem to me so fixed and immovable you treat with so quiet a scorn, as if they were but the gossamer threads which a touch of your slight woman's hand could brush away. But I can not venture to discuss such subjects with you. It is only the skilled enchanter who can stand safely in the magic circle, and compel the spirits that he summons, even if they are evil, to minister to ends in which he foresees a good.

“We continue to live here very quietly, and I do not as yet feel the worse for the colder climate. Indeed, my wonderful doctor, who was recommended to me as American, but is in reality English, assures me that a single winter spent here under his care will suffice for my complete re-establishment. Yet that career, to the training for which so many years have been devoted, does not seem to me so alluring as it once did.

“I have much to say on this subject, which I defer till I can better collect my own thoughts on it—at present they are confused and struggling. The great *Maestro* has been most gracious.

“In what a radiant atmosphere his genius lives and breathes! Even in his cynical moods, his very cynicism has in it the ring of a jocund music—the laugh of Figaro, not of Mephistopheles.

“We went to dine with him last week; he invited to meet us Madame S——, who has this year conquered all opposition, and reigns alone, the great S——, Mr. T——, a pianist of admirable promise—your friend M. Savarin, wit, critic, and poet, with his pleasant sensible wife, and a few others whom the *Maestro* confided to me in a whisper were authorities in the press. After dinner S—— sang to us, magnificently, of course. Then she herself graciously turned to me, said how much she had heard from the *Maestro* in my praise, and so-and-so. I was persuaded to sing after her. I need not say to what disadvantage. But I forgot my nervousness; I forgot my audience; I forgot myself, as I always do when once my soul, as it were, finds wing in music, and buoys itself in air, relieved from the sense of earth. I knew not that I had succeeded till I came to a close, and then my eyes resting on the face of the grand *prima donna*, I was seized with an indescribable sadness—with a keen pang of remorse. Perfect *artiste* though she be, and with powers in her own realm of art which admit of no living equal, I saw at once that I had pained her; she had grown almost livid; her lips were quivering, and it was only with a great effort that she muttered out some faint words intended for applause. I comprehended by an instinct how gradually there can grow upon the mind of an artist the most generous that jealousy which makes the fear of a rival annihilate the delight in art. If ever I should achieve S——'s fame as a singer, should I feel the same jealousy? I think not now, but I have not been tested. She went away abruptly. I spare you the recital of the compliments paid to me by my other auditors, compliments that gave me no pleasure; for on all lips, except those of the *Maestro*, they implied, as the height of eulogy, that I had inflicted torture upon S——. ‘If so,’ said he, ‘she would be as foolish as a rose that was jealous of the whiteness of a lily. You would do yourself great wrong, my child, if you tried to vie with the rose in its own color.’

“He patted my bended head as he spoke, with that kind of fatherly king-like fondness with which he honors me; and I took his hand in mine, and kissed it gratefully. ‘Nevertheless,’ said Savarin, ‘when the lily comes out there will be a furious attack on it, made by the clique that devotes itself to the rose: a lily clique will be formed *en revanche*, and I foresee a fierce paper war. Do not be frightened at its first outburst; every fame worth having must be fought for.’

“Is it so? have you had to fight for your fame, Eulalie? and do you hate all contest as much as I do?

“Our only other gayety since I last wrote was a *soirée* at M. Louvier's. That republican *millionnaire* was not slow in attending to the kind letter you addressed to him recommending us to his civilities. He called at once, placed his good offices at our disposal, took charge of my modest fortune, which he has invested, no doubt, as safely as it is advantageously in point of interest, hired our carriage for us, and in short has been most amiably useful.

“At his house we met many to me most pleasant, for they spoke with such genuine appreciation of your works and yourself. But there were others whom I should never have expected to meet under the roof of a Crœsus who has so great a stake in the order of things established. One young man—a noble whom he specially presented to me, as a politician who would be at the head of affairs when the Red Republic was established—asked me whether I did not agree with him that all private property was public spoliation, and that the great enemy of civilization was religion, no matter in what form.

“He addressed to me these tremendous questions with an effeminate lisp, and harangued on them with small feeble gesticulations of pale dainty fingers covered with rings.

“I asked him if there were many who in France shared his ideas.

“‘Quite enough to carry them some day,’ he answered, with a lofty smile. ‘And the day may be nearer than the world thinks, when my *confrères* will be so numerous that they will have to shoot down each other for the sake of cheese to their bread.’

“That day nearer than the world thinks! Certainly, so far as one may judge the outward signs of the world at Paris, it does not think of such things at all. With what an air of self-content the beautiful city parades her riches! Who can gaze on her splendid palaces, her gorgeous shops, and believe that she will give ear to doctrines that would annihilate private rights of property; or who can enter her crowded churches, and dream that she can ever again install a republic too civilized for religion?

“Adieu. Excuse me for this dull letter. If I have written on much that has little interest even for me, it is that I wish to distract my mind from brooding over the question that interests me most, and on which I most need your counsel. I will try to approach it in my next.

“ISAURA.”

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“Eulalie, Eulalie!—What mocking spirit has been permitted in this modern age of ours to place in the heart of woman the ambition which is the prerogative of men?—You, indeed, so richly endowed with a man's genius, have a right to man's aspirations. But what can justify such ambition in me? Nothing but this one unintellectual perishable gift of a voice that does but please in uttering the thoughts of others. Doubtless I could make a name familiar for its brief time to the talk of Europe—a name, what name? a singer's name. Once I thought that name a glory. Shall I ever forget the day when you first shone upon me; when, emerging from childhood as from a dim and solitary by-path, I stood forlorn on the great thoroughfare of life, and all the prospects before me stretched sad in mists and in rain? You beamed on me then as the sun coming out from the cloud and changing the face of earth; you opened to my sight the fairy-land of poetry and art; you took me by the hand and said, ‘Courage! there is at each step some green gap in the hedge-rows, some soft escape from the stony thoroughfare. Beside the real life expands the ideal life to those who seek it. Droop not, seek it; the ideal life has its sorrows, but it never admits despair; as on the ear of him who follows the winding course of a stream, the stream ever varies the note of its music, now loud with the rush of the falls, now low and calm as it glides by the level marge of smooth banks; now sighing through the stir of the reeds, now babbling with a fretful joy as some sudden curve on the shore stays its flight among gleaming pebbles; so to the soul of the artist is the voice of the art ever fleeting beside and before him. Nature gave thee the bird's gift of song—raise the gift into art, and make the art thy companion.

“‘Art and Hope were twin-born, and they die together.’

“See how faithfully I remember, methinks, your very words. But the magic of the words, which I then but dimly understood, was in your smile and in your eye, and the queen-like wave of your hand as if beckoning to a world which lay before you, visible and familiar as your native land. And how devotedly, with what earnestness of passion, I gave myself up to the task of raising my gift into an art! I thought of nothing else, dreamed of nothing else; and oh, how sweet to me then were words of praise! ‘Another year yet,’ at length said the masters, ‘and you ascend your throne among the queens of song.’ Then—then—I would have changed for no other throne on earth my hope of that to be achieved in the realms of my art. And then came that long fever: my strength broke down, and the *Maestro* said, ‘Rest, or your voice is gone, and your throne is lost forever.’ How hateful that rest seemed to me! You again came to my aid. You said, ‘The time you think lost should be but time improved. Penetrate your mind with other songs than the trash of *Libretti*. The more you habituate yourself to the forms, the more you imbue yourself with the spirit, in which passions have been expressed and character delineated by great writers, the more completely you will accomplish yourself in your own special art of singer and actress.’ So, then, you allured me to a new study. Ah! in so doing did you dream that you diverted me from the old ambition? My knowledge of French and Italian, and my rearing in childhood, which had made English familiar to me, gave me the keys to the treasure-houses of three languages. Naturally I began with that in which your master-pieces are composed. Till then I had not even read your works. They were the first I chose. How they impressed, how they startled me! what depths in the mind of man, in the heart of woman, they revealed to me! But I owned to you then, and I repeat it now, neither they nor any of the works in romance and poetry which form the boast of recent French literature, satisfied yearnings for that calm sense of beauty, that divine joy in a world beyond this world, which you had led me to believe it was the prerogative of ideal art to bestow. And when I told you this with the rude frankness you had bid me exercise in talk with you, a thoughtful melancholy shade fell over your face, and you said, quietly, ‘You are right, child; we, the French of our time, are the offspring of revolutions that settled nothing, unsettled all: we resemble those troubled states which rush into war abroad in order to re-establish peace at home. Our books suggest problems to men for reconstructing some social system in which the calm that belongs to art may be found at last: but such books should not be in your hands; they are not for the innocence and youth of women, as yet unchanged by the systems which exist.’ And the next day you brought me Tasso's great poem, the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, and said, smiling, ‘Art in its calm is here.’

“You remember that I was then at Sorrento by the order of my physician. Never shall I forget the soft autumn day when I sat among the lonely rocklets to the left of the town—the sea before me, with scarce a ripple; my very heart steeped in the melodies of that poem, so marvelous for a strength disguised in sweetness, and for a symmetry in which each proportion blends into the other with the perfectness of a Grecian statue. The whole place seemed to me filled with the presence of the poet to whom it had given birth. Certainly the reading of that poem formed an era in my existence; to this day I can not acknowledge the faults or weaknesses which your criticisms pointed out—I believe because they are in unison with my own nature, which yearns for harmony, and, finding that, rests contented. I shrink from violent contrasts, and can discover nothing tame and insipid in a continuance of sweetness and serenity. But it was not till after I had read *La Gerusalemme* again and again, and then sat and brooded over it, that I recognized the main charm of the poem in the religion which clings to it as the perfume clings to a flower—a religion sometimes melancholy, but never to me sad. Hope always pervades it. Surely if, as you said, ‘Hope is twin-born with art,’ it is because art at its highest blends itself unconsciously with religion, and proclaims its affinity with hope by its faith in some future good more perfect than it has realized in the past.

“Be this as it may, it was in this poem so pre-eminently Christian that I found the something which I missed and craved for in modern French master-pieces, even yours—a something spiritual, speaking to my own soul, calling it forth; distinguishing it as an essence apart from mere human reason; soothing, even when it excited; making earth nearer to heaven. And when I ran on in this strain to you after my own wild fashion, you took my head between your hands and kissed me, and said, ‘Happy are those who believe! long may that happiness be thine!’ Why did I not feel in Dante the Christian charm that I felt in Tasso? Dante in your eyes, as in those of most judges, is infinitely the greater genius, but reflected on the dark stream of that genius the stars are so troubled, the heavens so threatening.

“Just as my year of holiday was expiring I turned to English literature; and Shakspeare, of course, was the first English poet put into my hands. It proves how child-like my mind still was, that my earliest sensation in reading him was that of disappointment. It was not only that, despite my familiarity with English (thanks chiefly to the care of him whom I call my second father), there is much in the metaphorical diction of Shakspeare which I failed to comprehend; but he seemed to me so far like the modern French writers who affect to have found inspiration in his muse, that he obtrudes images of pain and suffering without cause or motive sufficiently clear to ordinary understandings, as I had taught myself to think it ought to be in the drama.

“He makes Fate so cruel that we lose sight of the mild deity behind her. Compare, in this, Corneille's *Polyeucte* with the *Hamlet*. In the first an equal calamity befalls the good, but in their calamity they are blessed. The death of the martyr is the triumph of his creed. But when we have put down the English tragedy—when Hamlet and Ophelia are confounded in death with Polonius and the fratricidal king, we see not what good end for humanity is achieved. The passages that fasten on our memory do not make us happier and holier; they suggest but terrible problems, to which they give us no solution.

“In the *Horaces* of Corneille there are fierce contests, rude passions, tears drawn from some of the bitterest sources of human pity; but then through all stands out, large and visible to the eyes of all spectators, the great ideal of devoted patriotism. How much of all that has been grandest in the life of France, redeeming even its worst crimes of revolution in the love of country, has had its origin in the *Horaces* of Corneille! But I doubt if the fates of Coriolanus, and Cæsar, and Brutus, and Antony, in the giant tragedies of Shakspeare, have made Englishmen more willing to die for England. In fine, it was long before—I will not say I understood or rightly appreciated Shakspeare, for no Englishman would admit that I or even you could ever do so—but before I could recognize the justice of the place his country claims for him as the genius without an equal in the literature of Europe. Meanwhile, the ardor I had put into study, and the wear and tear of the emotions which the study called forth, made themselves felt in a return of my former illness, with symptoms still more alarming; and when the year was out, I was ordained to rest for perhaps another year before I could sing in public, still less appear on the stage. How I rejoiced when I heard that fiat, for I emerged from that year of study with a heart utterly estranged from the profession in which I had centred my hopes before— Yes, Eulalie, you had bid me accomplish myself for the arts of utterance by the study of arts in which thoughts originate the words they employ, and in doing so I had changed myself into another being. I was forbidden all fatigue of mind; my books were banished, but not the new self which the books had formed. Recovering slowly through the summer, I came hither two months since, ostensibly for the advice of Dr. C——, but really in the desire to commune with my own heart, and be still.

“And now I have poured forth that heart to you—would you persuade me still to be a singer? If you do, remember at least how jealous and absorbing the art of the singer and of the actress is. How completely I must surrender myself to it, and live among books, or among dreams, no more. Can I be any thing else but singer? and if not, should I be contented merely to read and to dream?

“I must confide to you one ambition which during the lazy Italian summer took possession of me—I must tell you the ambition, and add that I have renounced it as a vain one. I had hoped that I could compose, I mean in music. I was pleased with some things I did—they expressed in music what I could not express in words; and one secret object in coming here was to submit them to the great *Maestro*. He listened to them patiently; he complimented me on my accuracy in the mechanical laws of composition; he even said that my favorite airs were ‘*touchants et gracieux*.’

“And so he would have left me, but I stopped him timidly, and said, ‘Tell me frankly, do you think that with time and study I could compose music such as singers equal to myself would sing to?’

“‘You mean as a professional composer?’

“‘Well, yes.’

“‘And to the abandonment of your vocation as a singer?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘My dear child, I should be your worst enemy if I encouraged such a notion; cling to the career in which you can be greatest; gain but health, and I wager my reputation on your glorious success on the stage. What can you be as a composer? You will set pretty music to pretty words, and will be sung in drawing-rooms with the fame a little more or less that generally attends the compositions of female amateurs. Aim at something higher, as I know you would do, and you will not succeed. Is there any instance in modern times, perhaps in any times, of a female composer who attains even to the eminence of a third-rate opera writer? Composition in letters may be of no sex. In that Madame Dudevant and your friend Madame de Grantmesnil can beat most men; but the genius of musical composition is *homme*, and accept it as a compliment when I say that you are essentially *femme*.’

“He left me, of course, mortified and humbled; but I feel he is right as regards myself, though whether in his depreciation of our whole sex I can not say. But as this hope has left me, I have become more disquieted, still more restless. Counsel me, Eulalie; counsel, and, if possible, comfort me. ISAURA.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

I FEAR THY KISSES.

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden;
  Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is too deeply laden
  Ever to burden thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion;
  Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
  With which I worship thine.

LITTLE KATE KIRBY.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of “For Her Sake,” “A Bridge of Glass,” “Mattie: A Stray,” “No Man's Friend,” “Poor Humanity,” etc., etc.

Book the Last.

ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER X.

RESTITUTION.

JONATHAN KIRBY, seated in the arm-chair by the fire, lifted himself half-way from his seat, and regarded his old employer with amazement.

“What's that?—who's a robber? I don't understand. I—I—excuse me, but I am getting excited, and it's a bad thing for me. Faith,” he said, querulously, as he sat down again, “isn't there a drop of brandy in this beastly house?”

I mixed a little weak brandy-and-water for my father at this appeal, and he begged Mr. Westmair to postpone his revelation until he had drunk it. Abel waited patiently, taking his cue from Jonathan Kirby, who finally gave him permission to proceed. It was an odd party of four assembled in that room. Jeffery Kirby was seated by the window, gravely attentive; and it was to his keen and honest face that Abel Westmair turned most frequently. It was Jeffery who represented the family of the Kirbys, rather than the feeble man opposite struggling against excitement, and that cupidity which seemed growing stronger with every hour of his waning life.

“Our family,” Abel Westmair began, “has done yours a great wrong. I have striven to disbelieve it; have hoped that my father's weak mind had deceived himself and me, but I have none the less followed out the facts, because with every step they have seemed more insurmountable, and because at last they crush me.”

“If there has been a wrong, you have not shared in it,” I cried.

“Unknowingly, I have shared in it for years, Miss Kirby,” said Abel, gloomily. “I have grown rich by it—I have kept others poor. I have asserted my pride in lieu of my shame. I have believed so strongly in the honor of our house, and set so little value on the principles of others. It is retribution, and I accept it."

"Perhaps you'll tell us what it is all about as soon as you can," said Jonathan Kirby, faintly, "for hanged if I can make head or tail of it. And, if you'll oblige us, Faith, by keeping your mouth shut, we shall get on ever so much faster. While you are interfering, my horse is catching cold in his inside waiting for me, and we are attending to nothing that is practical."

"A few words will complete my statement," said Abel, very slowly.

He did not resent my father's manner; the old pride, I may call it the old haughtiness of demeanor, did not assert itself; the readiness of retort, and the quickness to take offense, and to reply by sarcasm or invective, were gone. Yes, the loss of his faith in his family had struck down this man completely.

"The secret that has made our fortunes was discovered by your father," said Abel Westmair.

"Eh—WHAT?" screamed Jonathan Kirby.

"It was your father, then in the employ of mine, who made the discovery in his working hours, and in his leisure time perfected it. He did not know its commercial value, he was scarcely certain of his own success, and he was very poor. He fell ill, and on his death-bed took my father into his confidence, asking him to test the value of his discovery for the sake of his children, and to do his best for the two boys he was leaving behind him.

"You and me, by Heaven, Jef!" cried Jonathan.

"My father promised this, and took away the secret of the polish with him. He made his fortune with it a few years afterward—he claimed the credit of the discovery for himself, and he never kept his word with you," Abel continued.

"The most unprincipled bit of business I ever heard of in my life!" cried Jonathan Kirby, full of virtuous indignation.

"That the discovery might have been lost, or passed into other hands," said Abel, firmly—"that my father's perseverance and business energy triumphed over many obstacles which rose up in his path, make no excuse that I can offer here. I can only tell you, gentlemen, of the remorse and shame which weigh him down, and me along with him; and I can only plead, as extenuating circumstances, his anxiety and mine to repair the harm and injustice that have been done. Following out the facts and proving them to the bitter end but yesterday, I come to-day to those two children of an injured man, and ask, in my father's name, forgiveness."

"In a plain confession of wrong, in an earnest desire for atonement, one sees frail humanity at its best and wisest," said Jeffery Kirby, rising. "I bear no malice against your father, and, Sir, I honor you for the course which you have adopted."

"Thank you," said Abel Westmair, taking the hand outstretched to him; "I am trying to do my duty if I can, but I am hardly as strong as I could wish. All this," he said, sadly, "is a new experience for me."

"It's all very well to talk of forgiveness and that sort of rubbish," said my father, giving an angular twist to his frame, and assuming the appearance of a hunchback in his chair; "if that's retribution, or restitution, I don't think much of it myself. Tell us what you are going to do to make amends for this unjustifiable trickery. You have robbed us of many thousands, you have been in our place, and we in yours; for borrowing money from the firm to find out our own secret, you actually locked me up in prison—you made one daughter a beggar, and another a singer at a music-hall—you disgraced the lot of us—you set your foot upon our innocent necks—you have been altogether bad. What are you going to do?"

"I have been thinking very deeply of that—of what would be just and honest to you all," answered Abel, "and I hope," he added, and for a moment he seemed to hesitate, "that I have not forgotten any thing. It is for you to accept my terms, or to decline them, or to propose any thing in your turn. I am entirely in your hands, and I ask no consideration for myself."

It was the old proud look in his face at last, and I was glad to see it there. It made him like himself.

"Well, what do you think of doing?" said Jonathan; "will you give us any money? Do you mean to stump up any thing?"

"Yes."

"Will you let me have the recipe your wicked father stole?" cried Jonathan Kirby, eagerly.

"I have brought it with me."

"That's right; that's well. Upon my soul, you're behaving like a gentleman," cried Jonathan Kirby, rubbing his hands together. "Consider that you have my forgiveness, Westmair, and I hope you'll come out with the ready money as handsomely as you talk about it. Faith, a little more brandy-and-water, please, I'm getting in a whirl. I would not excite myself just now for all the world. Thank you, my dear," he said to me. "And now, Sir, to business again. Your health, Westmair; your father's health; every body's health. God bless the lot of us!"

"I have a little more to say before my nephew arrives, with your permission, Mr. Kirby," remarked Abel.

"Say any thing you like. I could listen to you for a week," replied my father.

"It relates to my nephew, whose cause I have to plead."

"I always liked Martin," cried Jonathan Kirby. "Why did he not come with you?"

"Because there is that to say which would be less embarrassing in his absence," answered Abel, "and even in that of your daughter's."

He looked at me significantly, but I would not take his hint. I was excited as well as my father—I was bewildered—and held my ground.

"I would prefer to remain," I said. "I believe that I am interested in this."

"You are."

"In what way?" I asked, with an effort to be calm and business-like myself.

"He will come this day to claim an old promise made to your sister," he said, with grave composure.

"And he comes at your wish, Mr. Westmair?"

"Yes, at my earnest wish. I am going away with my father and daughter. I would see the end of all uncertainty before I go. It is the last favor that I shall ask of you, Miss Kirby."

"So be it, then," I answered, looking down.

It was to be a day of self-sacrifice, and I was in the toils. I had promised to marry Martin Westmair; I could not be less unselfish than the strange man before me.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIRST PAYMENT.

WITH what trouble and grief I had listened to all that Abel Westmair had said, need not be detailed in the closing pages of this story. I had been prepared by my father for his advent, and I had guessed at that which would follow, with the exception of Martin Westmair's coming. What Abel would do upon the discovery of his father's dishonesty, I had had no doubts concerning; he was a man who would have no mercy on himself, and who would act up to his character, and to those rules by which he had vainly endeavored to regulate the lives of other men.

Yes, I guessed what sacrifices this stern Quixotic being would feel himself called upon to make, for I knew Abel Westmair at last. The man whom I had in my early days suspected, stood in the foreground of my present life as the one hero whom I had ever met, or whom I was ever likely to meet. There was no sacrifice at which he would shrink to render justice to those whom his father had injured; he would be harder upon himself than he would have been upon another man placed in a similar position. There had been much misery, and if not of his creating he had been the cause of it, he thought, and the time for atonement was at hand.

"It is my mission in this world," he said to my father and uncle, "to restore all that of which your family has been deprived—it is my duty to my own honor and my God. My father, broken down and contrite, sees this with myself, and we accept the lower position to which that duty leads us. We are only three; we are never likely to be more; we shall be content with little, and the satisfaction of having done our best will keep us very strong."

"All!" muttered my father; "what can you mean by all?"

"So far as it has lain in my power," replied Abel, "I have endeavored to calculate the amount of profit which my father and I have made by the use of the recipe."

"With interest at five per cent. per annum," said Jonathan Kirby, immediately; "you have not forgotten that, I suppose?"

"With interest at five per cent. per annum," answered Abel. "The amount, I may add, is very large, and will be difficult to repay at once, although I am prepared with what I hope both of you will consider a reasonable installment."

"How much?" asked my father; "how much do you begin with?—how much do you purpose to pay us altogether, then?"

"One moment," said Jeffery Kirby; "this appears to me a very strange and unbusiness-like proceeding, and it is not in all respects a question of money compensation."

"Speak for yourself, Jef," muttered his more selfish brother; "though why you can not sit still a moment, and allow Mr. Westmair to finish his statement, I can not understand. What's the use of interrupting people in this way?"

"I *will* speak for myself," said my uncle, with more excitement than he had hitherto shown, "and I will ask you, Mr. Westmair, to take more time to consider this matter, and to give us more time to reflect upon it too. I am not a rich man—a few hundreds will be of service to me—but I can not become wealthy at the expense of a man mad enough to pitch his fortune at my head, and to leave himself in indigence. So far as I am concerned, Mr. Westmair, you affront me with your generosity, and I will have no share in the crime of beggaring you."

Abel Westmair resisted opposition to his will as indignantly as ever. Why was he always so sure that he must be in the right?

"Sir, every thing has been arranged," he cried, sharply, "and I will brook no interference."

"Spoken like a man of spirit," my father replied. "Faith, my dear, perhaps Mr. Westmair would like a glass of cold brandy-and-water too. He has come some distance, and you haven't asked him to take a bite or sip in this house, which, to say the least of it, is not as hospitable an establishment as it might be."

"Mr. Westmair," continued Jeffery, without taking any heed of his brother's remonstrance as to Abel Westmair's welcome, "you may have arranged every thing, but you have considered nothing."

"What have I not considered?"

"That my father would have made very little money from his discovery, and in all probability would have sold the recipe for a few pounds to the first man adventurous enough to buy it of him," said my uncle. "I can remember my father perfectly. He had no capital to begin business, or to enter into opposition with the trade—he had no machinery—he was a clever, careless, energetic, and unbusiness-like man—I am sorry to say he drank—he would have made nothing from the polish—he would have died, under any circumstances, without leaving twenty pounds each to his children."

Abel Westmair shrugged his shoulders as at the poverty of Jeffery Kirby's reasoning; but Jonathan rose from his chair with difficulty, and with an expression of horror on his countenance.

"And I have lived to behold this dreadful day—I have been spared for this!" cried my father, with uplifted hands. "I see my own brother casting aspersions on a gray head reposing in the cold recess of the tomb, the gray head of a parent who should have been honored and respected and revered by both of us. And this from a minister of the blessed Gospel—from the son of the injured sleeper, whom I protect with all the fervor left in me from the gross imputations that have been cast upon him by a thankless and viperous offspring. Faith, I can not leave you with such a man as this—you must return home with your father, before your principles are wholly perverted by his outrageous doctrines. Nothing, Mr. Westmair," he added, "but respect for you and your noble conduct prevents me from quitting this house at once, in my disgust at such a brother."

He sat down again, and looked toward our little decanter of brandy, which Jeffery immediately removed to the chiffonnier behind him. Abel Westmair responded not to my father's eloquence; it was doubtful if he had heard one word of it. His reply to Jeffery's argument was to ignore it simply.

"You will take your half of the money; I have made out two checks for an equal amount—it is the beginning of my restitution. I will pray you to believe, Sir, that I am deeply grieved at my father's act," he said, as he produced his pocket-book, "and that he sees now with me the enormity of his offense. Had he been a stronger man, he would have accompanied me to-day—but I claim your indulgence, and beg you to believe in his contrition."

He presented a check to my uncle, who put his hands behind him, and shut his eyes.

"I shall not take the money."

"Will you give it to your niece?" suggested Abel.

"No, no," I cried, "I will not touch a penny of it."

"God bless me, am I dreaming?" ejaculated my father; "is money going begging in a world like this? How much can it be?—Then—"

"Shall I give it to your brother?" asked Abel Westmair; "it will be in the family and in the business—it will descend by inheritance to his daughter."

"That's a very fair proposition," said Jonathan, "and I don't mind making a will at once in my daughter's favor, if any body doubts my word."

"I think, upon further consideration," said my uncle, opening his eyes and extending his right hand, "that I will take this check. I am a poor man, and if you insist, Mr. Westmair, why I have a right to my share—it will be in as good hands as Jonathan's."

"Oh, uncle!" I cried, reproachfully, "I did think—I did hope—" Then I broke down, and my voice left me in my grief and anger. Meanwhile Jeffery Kirby took the check and put it into his pocket, without looking at the amount.

"Shall you require a receipt for this?" asked Jeffery.

"No," answered Abel.

"I thought what your fine words were coming to, Jef," grumbled my father; "that's your preacher all the world over—full of fine, tall sentiments, with wind enough in them to burst themselves, and nothing else. That's your—is this for me?"

"Yes," replied Abel, as he placed a second check in Jonathan Kirby's hands.

"Thank you—and—O Lord!—is this a portion of it?" cried my father, holding the check between his shaking hands. "Is there a balance at your bankers' sufficient to meet THIS—and my brother's too?—and—and—and—a thousand devils!" cried my father, sinking back in his chair, "I am going to die before I touch the money! Bran-dy—for my life's sake—brandy!"

I thought myself that he was going to die at once, sitting in the chair before me, the seal of death seemed so suddenly apparent in the grayness of his face, and in the awful glaring of his eyes. I sprang up with a scream of affright and ran toward him, but Abel Westmair's hands had already seized upon his stock and torn it from his neck. We gave him brandy, and he came back slowly to himself, and looked at us.

"Where's the check?" he asked, in a husky whisper.

Jeffery picked it up from the carpet, where it had fallen from his brother's nerveless fingers, and restored it to him. My father folded the check with difficulty, put it in a little seal-skin purse, which he placed carefully in his pocket afterward, after which process he sat breathing hard and fast.

"Are you better, father?" I inquired.

"I am quite well now," he said; "don't talk to me."

In a few minutes his natural color had returned.

"Who has been tearing me about the neck like this?" he said, petulantly; "there was no necessity to garrote me. I am subject to these faintings—there is nothing in them. I shall be better now for months."

He made an effort to stand, but it was a poor one, and he sat down again.

"It's nothing," he said, "only I must not be in too much of a hurry. Is there any thing more to say about the next payment you were telling us of a little while ago? Perhaps you can inform us how that is to be arranged, while my d—d legs come round?"

"I have more to say—but it is concerning your daughter's engagement to my nephew."

"What's that to do with me?" said Jonathan; "Faith is of age, and can marry whom she pleases. I have quite enough upon my mind, without troubling myself about her fancies. If she likes him, she can have him—there!"

"It is about her future with Martin Westmair that I would speak," said Abel, with his old sternness asserting itself once more, "and you must consider that along with us. This nephew of mine I leave poor, and I had held out to him the hope of riches—will you think of him?"

"I!—I think of him!"

"He would have succeeded me in the business, had I had a business to transfer to him. He knows the truth, and he has borne the disappointment with a courage for which I hardly gave him credit. He will marry your daughter, and, I trust, retain the post he at present occupies, with the same prospect of—"

"I can't do any thing in a hurry—I don't see what Martin Westmair is to me," muttered my father; "I can not—does he know any thing about the polish?"

"He has been intrusted with the secret—there was no motive to withhold it from him at the time."

"Confound it! here's another muddle. I'll—I'll think of it; I'll not be worried any longer now—I'm strong—I'm going home."

He rose with alacrity, his hands fastening his stock and rearranging his wig. He would have no further support or assistance; he had been made rich, and was anxious to get away; he went from the room without further heed of us. It was Martin Westmair himself who met him in the garden path, and whose appearance made my heart sink.

"He has come," said Abel to me, who had seen him for myself; "it is the end—let me leave this man happy, if I can, Miss Kirby."

"And it is your wish that I should marry him?"

"Yes."

"For his sake, or for mine?"

"For both your sakes, it is best."

"Well, well," I said, "let him come and learn the truth, and then marry me if he dare!"

Abel regarded me with surprise.

"You will return with him?" I pleaded, faintly—"you will not go away at once?"

"Why should I remain, if—"

"Something might happen—and you might leave in much uncertainty after all. I am so wild and strange and irritable—you know that, Mr. Westmair?"

"I do not always comprehend you," he said, irresolutely, "and you *are* irritable at times, but—"

"Hush! he is here."

CHAPTER XII.

AN HONEST CONFESSION.

MARTIN WESTMAIR entered with almost as grave an aspect as his uncle had done before him. Restitution had cast a deep shadow on both uncle and nephew, and Martin was suffering with the family. The cup had been close to his lips, and it had been dashed away; it was his lot in life, and what else could be expected? What had he done to deserve success, that he should not have foreseen this utter failure? I seemed to read these thoughts, or thoughts akin to these, upon his face as he came with slow, precise steps into the room. As he glanced from me to Abel, I seemed to read also a new hesitation in his manner, as if he had been prompted or forced to visit me, and it was scarcely of his own inclination that he faced me. I took hope from it, and yet I read his heart as incorrectly as I had always done. I was a wretched judge of character at the best, and this was a day of dire confusion, with no chance of calm reflection in it.

He shook hands with me and bowed in a formal manner; Abel mentioned my uncle Jeffery's name to Martin, and some stately bows were exchanged in that direction; and then two of us at least were full of confusion and dismay—it had grown to such a business-like formality, this wife-seeking. Martin I had never known to suffer from any great embarrassment of manner; he was bold, impulsive, even determined, as a rule, and this new timidity might augur well for me, I thought. He did not approach me with the same decision, and taunt me indirectly with my promise to my sister Kate. He sat down, and took a book from the table, as though he would seek refuge in it from the false position in which he was placed.

It was a cold, cruel daylight performance, in which no romance could live.

"Mr. Kirby, there is a little more that might be arranged between us before I go," Abel said, in a confused manner himself; "can we step into the next room?"

"I haven't a next room," answered my uncle: "would you mind stepping into the garden, or having a little stroll across the common?"

"Let us walk across the common."

It was very clumsily done, but I made no effort to alter the position; some day or other the battle must be fought again, and I thought that the clash of arms might as well commence immediately. All was as uncertain as life: here, at least, I might know the best or worst, and be joyful or resigned.

Abel Westmair and my uncle went out together, and from our seats facing each other we could see them walk as far as the garden gate, where they paused, instead of proceeding to the common as suggested, and began to talk with energy. They had found a topic to grow eloquent upon already, or they had revived the one which had caused so much excitement.

"Abel has told you why I am here?" Martin said, beginning business with precision.

"Yes."

"It is a strange time, but it is of his choosing, and I am his servant to command," he said, with